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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Courage On The Coast

MEMBERS of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation in the West are becoming justifiably tired of being described as friends of Japan because they are opposed to the mass deportation of Canadian citizens of Japanese origin as proposed by Western members of the older parties. They have taken to reminding the voters that when they proposed, six years ago or more, that there should be an embargo on the shipment of Canadian copper and scrap iron to Japan, for use against the Chinese, the old parties unanimously refused to have anything to do with the idea.

This embargo, they claim, would have been a real blow to Japan as a belligerent nation, but was opposed by the old parties because it involved a sacrifice of profits. On the other hand the mass deportation of Japanese racials after the war can obviously have no effect on the winning of the war itself and is regarded by the Federation as merely a concession to a kind of racial prejudice which they believe to be a natural consequence of the profit system.

The Federation will probably lose some votes in British Columbia as a result of this discussion, but only for the time being. Outside of that province it is hardly likely to suffer, even though there are signs of a disposition towards anti-Japanese rioting in a few places in the East. That sort of thing is so foreign to the Canadian character that it is more likely to provoke feeling against the exclusionists than for them.

War Buildings

THERE is a nervous feeling abroad in the country that a great many very expensive and substantial buildings, erected by the Dominion Government for purposes connected with the war, may be torn down and disposed of as old bricks and lumber when they might be employed for very useful purposes. If, for example, the Government were prepared for a fairly large scale adventure in the direction of youth training under military discipline many of the present establishments would be highly adaptable to that purpose.

Even without any such national undertaking some of them would be suitable for various provincial activities of an educational character, involving the bringing together of many students in a single place under residential conditions. The difficulty is chiefly that of getting Governments to make up their minds at the right time. Democracy values very highly the privilege of not making up its mind until the last minute but pays a high price for that privilege.

A Famous Case Closed?

WE HAVE always thought that the only decent thing to do on General McNaughton's retirement was to honor him with the rank of full general. This has been done; the general is to leave the service soon; and presumably the famous "McNaughton Case" can be considered closed.

Closed, that is, as far as anything can be made of it. There will still be a certain interest in reading at some perhaps remote date the exact correspondence which passed between the general and the Defence Ministry over the creation of the First Canadian Army, its necessary size limitation due to the needs of the other services and the war industries and the non-introduction of conscription, and then the splitting of the Canadian forces and the retirement of McNaughton.

It is difficult to imagine the full force of the disappointment which General McNaughton must have suffered, after building his force up from nothing, giving all of his great technical and scientific skill to the development of its arms and equipment, and winning in the manner of a truly great general the enthusiastic following of his men (and this in the monotony of garrison life in Britain), to see the army first split in two and then led into battle by others.

While the details of the differences which the general admits in his letter to Colonel Ralston have risen between them might provide some interesting new points, we fancy that the basic conflict was this simple and obvious one: the army authorities had wanted a Canadian Army, and had gained their way in creating one, but the government, because of its other manpower needs, but particularly because of its unwillingness to introduce conscription, could not provide quite enough field divisions or guarantee sufficient reinforcements.

The sending of the First Division to the Mediterranean may have been for the very sensible reason of providing a nucleus of actual combat experience for the Army. The follow-up of the Fifth Armored could have been for the same reason, but considering the transport situation there seemed little likelihood that two of our divisions would be brought back to Britain for the invasion of Western Europe.

It was at this point, apparently, that the decision was reached to split the Army, because an all-Canadian army of only five divisions would always be on the small side and its use might hamper Allied strategy, and because reinforcements were not available to refill its ranks should it run into a really bad show. Instead, one corps would be kept in the Mediterranean, where a lower casualty rate could be expected, and the other bolstered by British, Polish and other units to the strength considered necessary to meet our strategic plan.

Against this decision McNaughton had apparently committed himself to the hilt, and on it he tendered his resignation—if one can be said to do such a thing in an army. Another factor has been made much of: his failing health, and nearing of the age limit. It was his bad luck that, just at the culminating point in his task, he had reached an age and physical condition which made it at least dubious whether he could meet the strenuous demands of a prolonged campaign of modern high-speed warfare. On the bare question of age, however, one can hardly be dogmatic; McNaughton is younger than Montgomery.

Considering that, and the uncertainty which surrounds General McNaughton's return to the Research Council, or his possible entry into politics—as he has been so much urged to do—perhaps this famous case is not quite closed yet.

Neither rivers nor blown bridges are slowing up the Allied drive in Holland, where British and Canadian forces are extending the salient driven toward the Rhine from the Belgian border. These infantry men did not wait for the pontoon bridge which was thrown across this stream so that tanks and equipment could pour forward; they crossed by means of steps built on the bombed bridge by Germans to aid their withdrawal.

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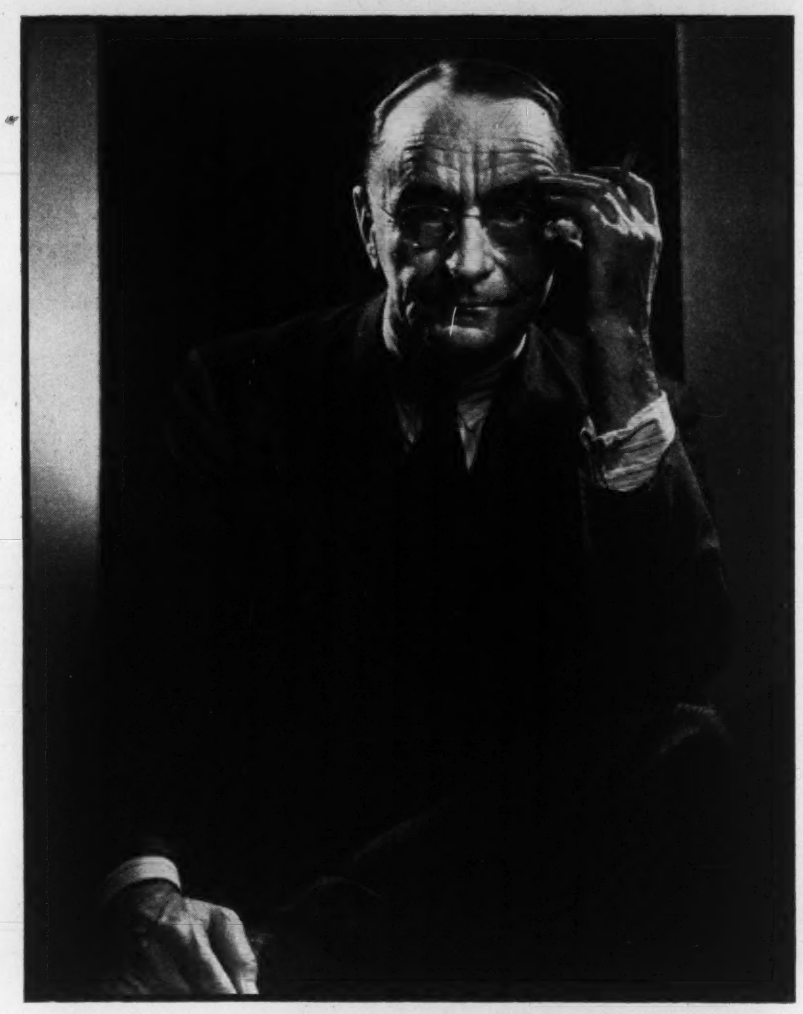
Stop the Vigilantes

A RECENT outbreak of activities by bodies of so-called vigilantes in British Columbia has drawn fresh attention to the extreme danger of this type of public disorder. The alleged provocation to it was a series of what seemed like attempts to molest young women on their way home from work in thinly populated suburbs. None of these supposed attempts led to any serious consequences, but they naturally caused a good deal of alarm and indignation. The vigilantes then proceeded to visit various

(*Continued on Page Three*)



DR. EDWARD ANNAND CORBETT *Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

The Leader of the More Education for More People Movement

By COROLYN COX

THE general level of information, intelligence and good judgment of the entire Canadian people will determine how good a job we make of running ourselves and exerting considerable influence upon the world in the crucial years directly ahead of us. For this reason the Canadian Association for Adult Education carries a heavy responsibility, faces an exciting opportunity. The Association has just met, approved an enlarged budget and Dr. Edward Annand Corbett begins his ninth year as Director of its activities.

The step-up in the pace of the Association's projects, and undeniable effectiveness of his programs begin to give Dr. Corbett a fuller realization of the opportunities that are in his hands. The coordination of mass media, linking film and radio, discussion meetings and literature, the cumulative effectiveness of all this on the general public's "literacy" in respect to its own affairs has already had excellent demonstration. Dr. Corbett's job demands elastic, developing techniques, imagination, creative thinking, unlimited energy and faith.

Corbett has the ingredients that so often produce something exceptional in Canada. He's a "Bluenose", born in a Truro manse, fifty-four years ago. His Presbyterian minister father divided his preoccupation between souls and horses. Horses he bred, and Dr. Corbett was "practically brought up in a box car". His father was imbued with pioneering spirit; as soon as he got the debt paid on his church and an addition built on the manse, he was ready to move on to farther fields. The five boys and three girls and all the horses went along, and Corbett early got the job of overseeing the horses enroute, once spent six solid days in box car transit.

He began his education in a Prince Edward Island public school, from age 9 to 11 was in Boston, then returned to Canada to St. Andrews, N.B. and Huntingdon Academy, and wound up with an arts degree at McGill.

Father got to the end of his financial tether when each boy matriculated, all had to find their own way through university. The system worked well. The eldest son is a K.C. in Edmonton, Percy was Dean of the Law School at McGill and is now head of the Institute of International Studies at Yale University, another is an Engineer, another a Doctor. Four went overseas in the last war.

Dr. Corbett did everything there was to do during summers to help pile up the tuition money. He went west as guide, counselor and friend to the tourists at Banff, broke horses for them to ride, got himself a job on a dining car for transportation back to enter McGill in 1906. He did six weeks on the Montreal City Directory, patrolled the beaches at Watch Hill, Rhode Island as a member of the Life-saving Crew, sold stereopticon pictures, learned to speak French working in a Quebec Province butter factory. His marks at McGill suffered from the fact that he worked in Henry Birks' store by day and the McGill library by night, grabbed other people's notes, attended few lectures.

Seven-Minute Sermon

There had to be one minister in every generation of Corbetts, and Edward seemed slated to be it. During the summer of his third year at McGill he preached his first sermon in Beaver Lake mission station in Alberta, chose hopefully the text, "Ye Believe in God, Believe Also in Me", got it all over in seven minutes flat.

With his hardly earned arts degree in his pocket, Corbett went to Theological Faculty, Presbyterian College, Montreal, to become a "Reverend" and in the three years he was at it polished off an M.A. at McGill as well. He did his theology on scholarships, and thus for the first time had leisure to work, so to speak, and discovered the real meaning of education.

Emerging with two further degrees in 1913, he took the post of Secretary of Strathcona Hall, the student centre and only campus residence for men at that time. In 1916 he went overseas to play his part in world war one and piled up experience and understanding that has made his tour of soldier establishments overseas during this war an outstanding success. With the rank of Captain he was invalided out of active service, joined the staff of Dr. Tory's famous Khaki College in England. On his return to Canada he was kept at our Kootenay Lakes soldiers' convalescent hospital until the fall of 1920.

Then Dr. H. M. Tory, President of the University of Alberta, wrote to him to say that if he had kept his mind in operation there would be a job for him in Edmonton. Corbett joined the staff of the University, and by 1928 was made head of the Extension Department. From then till 1936 he did a magnificent job for Alberta. He set up and developed Banff School of Fine Arts, now directed by Donald Cameron, established university extension units all over the Province, used country schools, radio stations, films, slides, gave short courses, sent out travelling libraries, trained a staff of twenty in how a university can—and should, as Dr. Tory believed—serve the people: not just to bestow degrees upon the small number in residence on the campus, but to bring to all the people the results of the research and thinking going on within its walls.

Educating Adults

The University of Toronto was the birthplace of the Canadian Association for Adult Education. The Carnegie Corporation of New York provided a grant in aid of its work. When it held its first National Convention in Toronto, the Association was defined as having four functions: (a) to serve as a clearing house of adult education projects; (b) to carry out experiments at the community level; (c) to develop public interest in adult education through radio, conference, etc., and (d) to act as adviser to grant-giving bodies.

In 1936 Corbett took a year's leave of absence from the University of Alberta to act as Director of the Canadian Association for Adult Education, was fascinated, could not give it up and resigned from the University to settle down in the job. When war clouds rose, C.A.A.E. swung into action. Corbett conferred with Gladstone Murray, then General Manager of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, considered the projects BBC in London had already tried out with listening groups, and got Neil Morrison from McGill to make a survey of Canadian possibilities during the winter of '38-'39 and make recommendations.

Farm Broadcasts

In the fall of '39 CAAE and CBC jointly sponsored the Farm Radio Forum over the Eastern network and in 1940 the enormously successful project continued, backed by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture as well. Today it has a registered listening audience of twenty to thirty thousand, covers all problems of rural living, interprets the east to the west and vice versa, has central offices in each Province which get reports every week from every active group, and Farm Forum Committees adopting projects in individual communities rising out of the discussions on the programs.

Last year came Citizens' Forum, Tuesday nights over CBC, with today nearly two thousand study groups already set up and study outlines and special bulletins for each broadcast. The Association's publications include "Food for Thought" and "Behind the Headlines" (issued jointly with the Canadian Institute of International Affairs), and "The Democratic Way" pamphlets issued with Canadian Council on Education for Citizenship. The "Of Things to Come" series opened with such a salvo of criticism that it burst into full bloom at once. Business men have now come into the Association, Quebec Province takes up the ball in the French language.

Dr. Corbett, just back from a tour of our armed forces in Great Britain, is anxious to help the returned serviceman find his way back to normal life and will provide him with a ready prepared outlet through which to express himself to Canada. CAAE has from the beginning had cooperation from W.I.B., the National Film Board and the CBC. Provincial Departments of Education, and Canadian Universities have always been supporters of the Association, and are taking an increased part in its work. The whole business is moving very fast indeed—it needs to, if Canada is to keep up with the changing world and our citizenry maintain understanding and control of their own **affairs.**

DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Service of Chile con Carne is Provided for a Contributor

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE article "The South American Way Isn't as Good as Ours," in your issue of July 29 has flabbergasted me. I have lived all my life in Chile and feel that I am in a position to contradict. The author writes an article on a country about which it seems he knows little.

Mr. Talbot talks about prices, and intimates his examples are not handpicked. I insist they are. He doesn't even use the correct exchange rate between Canadian dollars and Chilean pesos in his comparison. If he paid $7.50 for a shirt he was "taken for a ride", and after reading this article I am not surprised. My shirts, made specially to measure, of the best English poplin, cost me $4.50. What was his shirt made of? Shoes in Chile would cost $15.00 only if hand made to measure, but they would last you as long as you have the patience to keep wearing them. Mr. Talbot seems to forget that we possess first class leather, and workmanship in leather is one of "the" trades there. Not $17.00 and bad quality.

Mr. Talbot infers he writes about commonplace things, that the average individual has to spend money on, but makes no mention of food, housing, entertainments and the all important taxes. Why? Because he doesn't know, or because he didn't trouble to find out.

I have met various people who have read this article, and they unanimously agree that it is both childish and silly. Mr. Talbot, being as he thought, superior, coming from North America, was dismayed to find he was not treated as such. The war we have on our hands has taught most people to try and understand each other, and that countries should encourage a friendly attitude. An article like Mr. Talbot's does not forward this at all.

Moncton, N.B. C. S. HENDERSON

Canada and Films

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A RECENT article by Mary Lowrey Ross on the Citizens' Film Council in Toronto, raises a question of Canadian culture that seems to me extremely important. Her article attacking the Citizens' Film Council is based on one supposition. That is that Canadians should not organize to try and have some democratic control over the films they are going to see, but that the film market for Canada should be left in the hands of Hollywood.

This surely is a debatable point, for although many *déraciné* critics of Mrs. Ross's type have tried for years to make Canada a cultural satellite of the United States, there are still some Canadians who believe that on the northern half of this continent we can build a country that need not necessarily be swallowed up economically by the materialism of Wall Street, and culturally by the cheap sensualism and soft vulgarity of Hollywood.

Indeed, to stop this dominance of Hollywood in our life such Citizens' Film Councils may be small and unimportant beginnings, but they do initiate attempts on the part of Canadians to influence the control of films they see. In the same way the National Film Board in Ottawa, however often it may have failed, has made a gallant attempt to produce truly Canadian films.

Surely we cannot be willing, as Mrs. Ross, that such an important instrument for good or evil (as films most obviously are), should be left entirely in the Olympian hands of Louis B. Mayer, Samuel Goldwyn et al. To most democratic Canadians who believe in the future of Canada as a country, leaving the whole film field to foreign producers and foreign controlled distributors would be an easy way to cultural suicide for our country and its traditions.

Toronto, Ont. GEORGE GRANT.

Irony

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

In the *Pacific Citizen*, Salt Lake City, Utah, for August 19, appears a picture of the King, in company with General Mark W. Clark of the United States Army, congratulating two Japanese-American soldiers, Sgt. Hideo Kaichi and Private First Class Paul K. Tahara, winners of the American Silver Star for gallantry in action.

Surely Canadians should be impressed with the tragic irony of the situation where our own Canadians of Japanese ancestry are debarred from active service and thus from any such recognition by our King as these Americans received.

Toronto, Ont. CONSTANCE CHAPPELL.

A Home Job

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

It has certainly been astounding that so few have spoken in praise of Senator Bouchard's brave stand, though I am sure that very many admire and agree with him in his stand.

The whole French Canadian problem is a matter which has to be solved by French Canadians themselves, as any interference by English-speaking Canadians only fans the flames of prejudice.

Westmount, Que. R. S. LESLIE

"A Paradox, a Paradox!"

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

Herr Muller-Sorau's article in your issue of Sept. 16 may be summed up as a plea for religion in its pragmatical aspect—i.e. as an influence tending to produce firstly, good citizens, secondly and consequently, good States. But the assault on human decency and freedom came from three States—Germany, Italy, Japan. All three overwhelmingly 'religious'.

The victory over evil which is at last in sight has been won—primarily—by Great Britain, Soviet Russia, and the U.S.A. Not one of them can be classified as 'religious' by any stretch of the imagination.

Ottawa, Ont. G. R. L. POTTER

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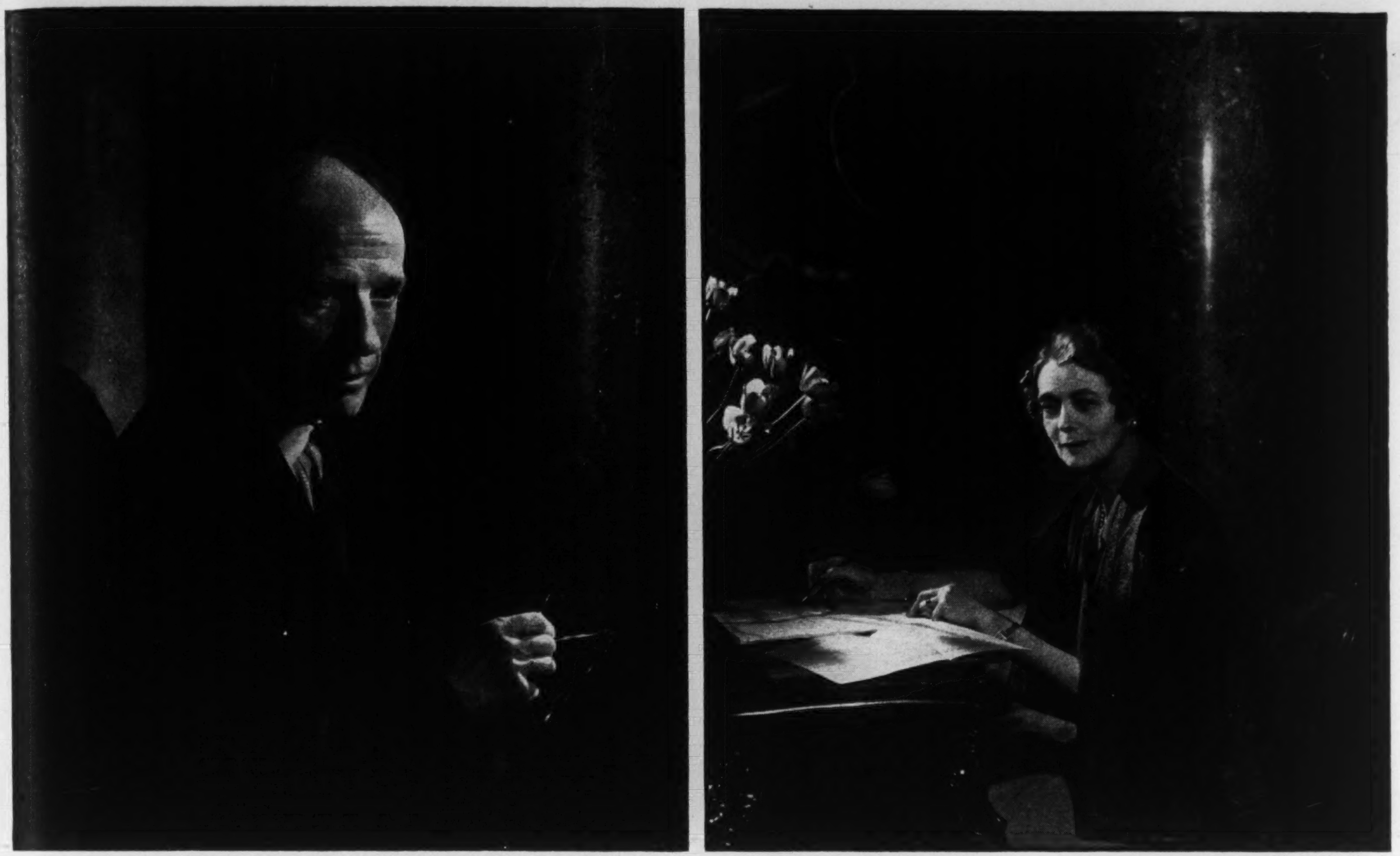


—Photos by Karsh.

The Earl of Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States, and the Countess of Halifax were two of the notables photographed by Karsh on his recent visit to the American capital.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

residents and order them to leave the district.

It is now charged that the organizers of the demonstrations were well known promoters of a rather militant trade union and some of the persons ordered to leave were workers who had refused to join this union. The device is obviously an easy one to operate if the victims are not persons of considerable courage, and unfortunately there are plenty of union organizers who have no scruples about the methods which they employ to secure members. Intimidation in small matters like putting sand in the victim's lunch and lubricating oil in his coffee is probably common and difficult to suppress but attempts to drive him and his family out of their home must be resisted by every force that the community can bring to bear.

OMISSION

THEIR lands were good to them, each in its
fashion
Giving the best it had to those who fought;
Loving them, half in awe; proud beyond telling
Of those whose time, once come, was all too
short.

Laughter was given them, and loveliness;
Prayers were said for them, and praises sung;
The ways swept clean before them where they
marched,
Entire battalions of the brave and young.

Now we console ourselves because they knew
No need, till suddenly all need was past;
Weapons and food and implements, the best;
Beauty and laughter to the very last.

We shall safeguard their honor, and record
With grateful hand the names of all who died.
Reasons for war? Oh hush, lest they recall
The only thing our love could not provide.

R. H. GRENVILLE

Sir William Mulock

"NOTHING is here for tears, nothing to wail."

A virile and courteous gentleman, civilized in the round, and yet a bonnie fechter, giving and taking blows with joyous equanimity, has said hail and farewell.

He was born in York County, Ontario, of a sturdy, laborious stock. He built his iron frame by hand-work and back-work in the fields and in the woods. He was a mighty man of valor before he was twenty-one, and when he took the Law for his mistress he even dominated her.

In Politics he rode knee to knee with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, finding in that courtly but steel-hard campaigner a brother beloved whom he could obey without prejudice to his own personality. And the affection was returned in full measure.

He was a Judge of insight and vigor, universally respected. As Chancellor of the University of Toronto he made an ornamental office into a distinctly useful one. As a citizen and a patriot none surpassed him. Even at 102 — or, as he said, 101 — he will be missed; itself an achievement, for old men are popularly supposed to be doddering in chimney corners. Perhaps Sir William was never really old. His conversation, to the very last, had the glint of youth in it.

Young Land

SOME people with ingrowing culture have the habit of apologising for Canada. "Oh, well, it's a young country" has been the word, pronounced in accents of restrained pity. Very well, it is young, God bless it, and God be thanked. For youth is a superfine stuff, even though, as Shakespeare insisted, it will not endure. Fortunately a nation's youth endures a long, long time.

A youthful outlook implies a sharp lack of satisfaction with things-as-they-are and a determination to fix them *at once.* A nation in a hurry is young, no matter how old it is. It refuses with violence to say "Aw, what's the use?" That may explain the British determination to amend any laws or customs which seem to have worked injustice to a considerable element of the population. The amendment may not work, but if not, something else may be tried, with sustained hope. So the Old Mother is really a spirited, youthful Britannia in a steel helmet; considerably younger than Marianne or Brunhilda, and almost as young as the symbolic lady standing for Russia, whoever she is.

But we were speaking of Canada. If certain idealists itch to try something new, and at once, the fact is not discreditable, even though their knowledge and experience may not be as impressive as their hopes and their energy. Children learn as they grow.

We're not satisfied with our educational system. So we change it. Perhaps we get something worse. If so, we have learned what *not* to do. We're disturbed by our religious divisions. Hopeful youths (of seventy or so) take steps to eliminate them, and the moment some signs of unity appear a lot of new sects spring up. But "Are we down-hearted? NO!" That's the answer of youth.

As for courage; bold youths (some white-haired) bridged the Continent with railways, built a great industrial fabric, established colleges, tamed the prairies, developed the mines, fought two great wars, and stamped the name of Canada on the world-map in red letters.

We have painters and sculptors of distinction. Our musicians are notable; MacMillan, Pelletier, Parlow, are only three of a host. We have poets and writers, orators and statesmen, all working at the voltage of youth. And that makes a land of hope and glory.

Leadership for Girls

THOSE who have looked into the problem of juvenile delinquency are agreed that "nothing to do" is a potent cause. Children with a program of co-operative action, either self-chosen, or provided by diplomatic elders, seldom go wrong, even when their home influences are less than ideal. The "projects" of school classes that spill out over school-hours, the Sea Cadets, Air Cadets, junior choirs and orchestras, organized sports, steer a good many around and past the Juvenile Court.

None have a better record in this field than the Girl Guides and the Boy Scouts. Their programs have been justified by an experience of over thirty years, and it is time for a wider recognition of their usefulness to the community. They have been encouraged, for the most part, by the Churches which provide accommodation for their meetings and no little adult sympathy. But such non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-class societies of youth might be appanages of the public and secondary schools, or better still might have their own special halls.

Girls and boys respond most quickly to suggestion and example when the leaders are young, but without some means of training, potential leaders can scarcely be discovered. In Ontario already some progress has been made in association with Queen's and the University of Western Ontario, but broader plans, and a larger budget in all Provinces would be helpful.

During the war Guide leaders have not been easy to find, and at the same time the opportunities for expanding the service have increased. For a good many years private benevolence sustained the movement. That is still necessary, but the time seems ripe for the setting up of training centres sponsored by public authority.

The Passing Show

A TORONTO father who has married off two daughters within four months announces that the events were a financial flop. Guests might have known that cheques would have been acceptable, but they insisted on sending gadgets instead, and the pawn-value of such things is not encouraging.

•

"Drew must go" shout the CCF-ers. He *did* go and then told the Toronto Canadian Club all about it.

•

Concerning Planning we have a lingering doubt. Can anybody, however brilliant, plan our life successfully? Even we couldn't—darn it!

•

Resolute, at Four

Recalling the fight of yesterday,
A bloody-nose affair,
Young Pete went manfully down the stair
And this he was heard to say:
"I'm going to Bobsey's place to play,
And I hope he isn't there."

J. E. M.

•

The march through Berlin will have an advance guard of bulldozers to dig out Unter den Linden.

•

A Detroit man wonders if any one remembers the Seven Sutherland Sisters who had hair of lustrous quality hanging down to their feet—and sold bottles and bottles of hair-restorer. If we do, we refuse to admit it. That hair flourished too long ago.

•

Love's a Song, Eh?

Love is a song (with a few flat notes)
Love flows along (like the leak in a boat).
Love is a series of "dearests" and "darlings"
(Sprayed intermittent with snaps and with
snarlings).

Love is "O Johnnie, you didn't, you couldn't!"
Love is "I did, tho' I knew that I shouldn't"—
Love is adoring to rile and be riled—
Lordy, I'm glad I am only a child!

JOAN ALEXANDER (aged 12)

•

How to pronounce "oleomargarine" has become an issue in some quarters. Should the "g" before "a" be hard, as in "Garfield" or soft like a "j"? Mr. Harold Gully, a dairyman of parts, pronounces it unfit for human consumption.

•

Damsel in Distress

Bernice, they say, is quite the rage at tennis,
Each day you may behold her on the court;
While Gordon, Max, Bill, Andrew, George and
Denis
Are overseas, she bravely holds the fort.

Her partners, long in wisdom, short in vigor,
Grow breathless in their efforts to display
Those manly graces which reduce the figure
And help to keep advancing years at bay.

Fair Bernice sighs, as, witnessing their capers,
She dreams of happy days that soon may be
When—well, that is, if one can trust the
papers—
The boys are safely back from over-sea.

J. O. PLUMMER.

•

A mule reminds us of some Clubmen we know. He kicks a lot and then never votes.

•

In a Department Store

I saw *Mr. Pickwick* today
As pretty as if in a play,
With the smile none surpasses,
With circular glasses
To emit a benevolent ray.

Neither gaiters nor tights did he wear
But he filled out his clothes with the air
Of a gentleman wealthy,
Blithe, courteous and healthy,
With never the shade of a care.

"Oh, that's Mr. Jones," some one said.
I shook my Dickensian head
As a negative sign,
"It's an old friend of mine
Who has lately come back from the dead."

But where was Sam Weller? Alas and alack!
He should have been tailing along at the back!

J. E. M.

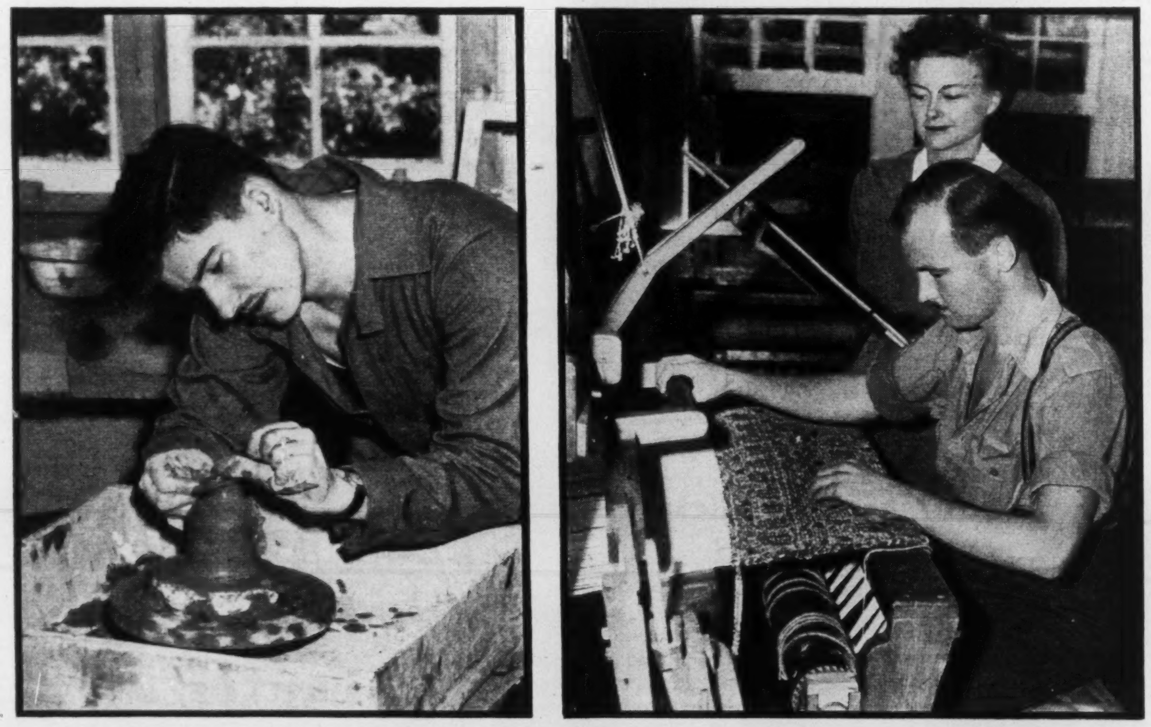
•

To preserve the fraternity spirit evoked at Montreal Mike Pearson should have composed a College yell for the boys; such as
Food and clothing, sis-boom-ah,
Unrra, Unrra, Unrra-RAH!
That would have been something to take home with them.

Here, at Scarboro Hall, Canadian Fighting Men

Conducive to relaxation and recovery is the atmosphere of Scarboro Hall, new Government centre near Toronto, where returned men suffering from nervous exhaustion are treated.

Starting point for complete understanding of each man's problem is the personal history he writes on admittance. It reveals his interests, background, habits and symptoms.



In the former studio building, the men work at various crafts, pottery, rug-making, carpentry — occupational therapy that restores balance through constructive tasks.

Prescription for mental and physical well-being. Sun-tanned, clad in shorts, the men cultivate individual garden plots, started shortly after the centre opened in May, 1944.

By Grace W. Younkie

AT THIS picturesque country estate with its tranquil beauty of rolling lawns and gardens, far from the horror of war, men from the fighting fronts of Europe, suffering from nervous exhaustion, are restored to health, under expert medical care, and by essentially individualistic treatment. Freedom of action, utter absence of hospital atmosphere and a fine *camaraderie* between carefully chosen staff and men, provides an environment conducive to relaxation and recovery.

This centre, formerly the Guild of All Arts, fifteen miles east of Toronto, was opened May 25 this year for special treatment of neuro-psychiatric cases, and is under the administration of the Department of Pensions and National Health.

A comprehensive survey of the man's background is made on admittance. He writes his own personal history which reveals his interests, former occupation in the army and civil life, habits and symptoms. He states his preference for lectures on electricity or musical appreciation. The resident physician makes a very complete examination which may be of two and a half to three hours duration. The psychiatrist plans a program of personal treatment. The patient is assigned work on regular prescription. Three psychological tests are made; these are interpreted by a specially trained psychologist, Miss L. B. McFadyen, graduate of the University of Toronto.

Special insulin treatment in modified form, which is a tonic and sedative, may be given where the patient is nervous and badly upset. It is administered at 7 A.M., the patient sleeps until 10.30 A.M. and is then given breathing exercises. Following this treatment they settle down in four days. Part of the day during this period the men are engaged in the occupation prescribed by the doctor.

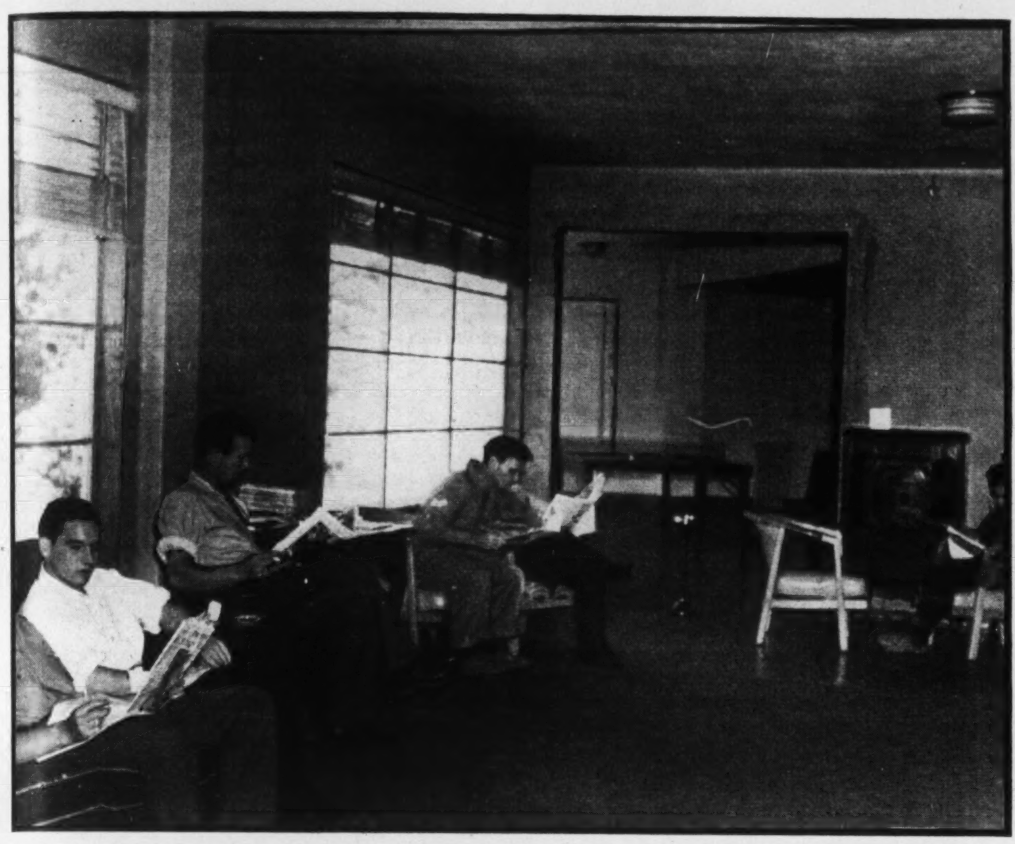
Treatment, then, consists of a thorough examination of the patient, an appreciation of his case, and friendly consideration is given. Elementary physiology group talks are used, through which the men gain an understanding of their own symptoms. Finally the insulin, and some form of employment. In one week the symptoms have disappeared.

Therapeutic occupation, effective curative measure so widely used in this war, is one of the three major forms of treatment at Scarboro Hall. The rear flagstone walk leads to the Studio Building where part of the work is carried on. Here, the men are engaged in converting the interior into workshops. In the carpentry shop they are turning out cupboards, stools, breadboards, which supply equipment for the Hall. Artistic taste is evident in the weaving room where men are busy designing drapes and weaving green and brown rugs. Pottery is another therapy project; graceful vases and cigarette trays are fashioned, cups and saucers are next on the list. These three types of employment have been found to be the most beneficial. Here, in the lecture room group talks are given by the resident physician, Captain William Wong, three times a week at 1.30. Subjects are such as the nature of the voluntary and involuntary system; how the body functions in emotion, open or hidden. Keen interest is displayed in questions asked in the group discussion. "What is the subconscious mind?" asked one lad wanting to go into the matter further.

HIDDEN fear-alarm over natural disturbances of body and mind which they experience, is brought out in the open by frank discussion when the men talk it over among themselves in the evening. "This is a powerful factor in the cure of their condition," states Dr. William Baillie, chief neuro-psychiatrist, Department of Pensions and National Health, D. district, who is in charge at the Hall and deeply concerned for the welfare of the "Johns" and "Bills" in his care, and untiring in his effort to return the men to health and strength.

Part of the education factor is the weekly lecture on public speaking, conducted by Mr. Maynard Robinson of Toronto who is enthusiastic about the boys' progress. The big emphasis

Recuperate from Strain and Stresses of War



Patients are assigned work on regular prescription, but for moments of quiet relaxation they have this spacious recreation room, with its chesterfields, magazines and radio.

As education plays a part in the program of personal treatment, psychological tests are given to determine a man's speed of reaction in learning, attention and perseverance.

Photos by Des Brisay

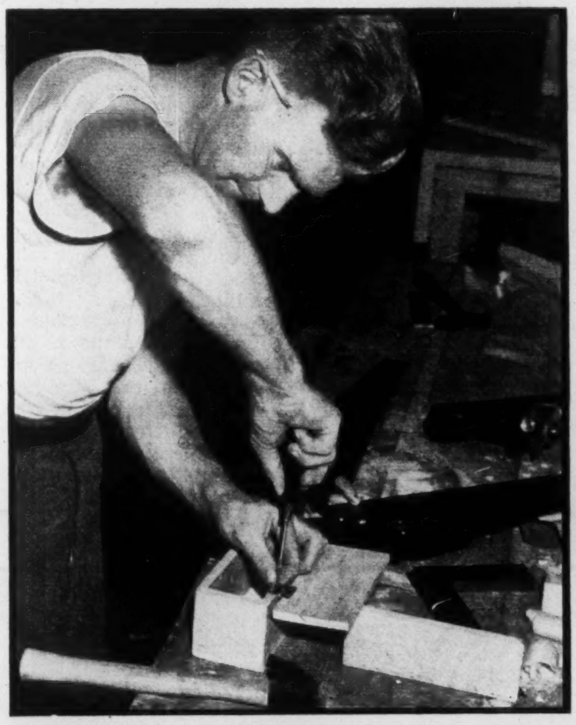
here, he says, is on getting this brooding, introspective type of man to talk, and say what he is thinking. Pantomime work may be used; a ball game, for instance, stimulates mental activity. Quite likely, at the next lecture the man is brought out of himself, able to stand up and express his ideas publicly; with self-expression comes relief and confidence. On Tuesday evenings the men are given a short course on electricity by Mr. C. H. Carslake or musical appreciation conducted by Dr. F. J. Horwood. The Canadian Legion War Services Committee has given full cooperation in the arrangement of lectures for Wednesday nights. They may deal with trees, birds or nature of paint.

THE importance of outdoor employment is stressed and gardening starts at 9 A.M. Several acres have been divided into individual plots for the men, who, sun-tanned, clad in shorts or slacks, shoulder rakes and hoes, start for the garden along winding pathways. No time for brooding here, a thriving crop of vegetables including tomatoes, beans, cabbage and corn requires plenty of weeding. Work in the large grounds, flower gardens, tennis and badminton courts keeps the men busy. Swimming is enjoyed and competition is keen between the ball teams—the "Green Hornets" and "Blue Devils".

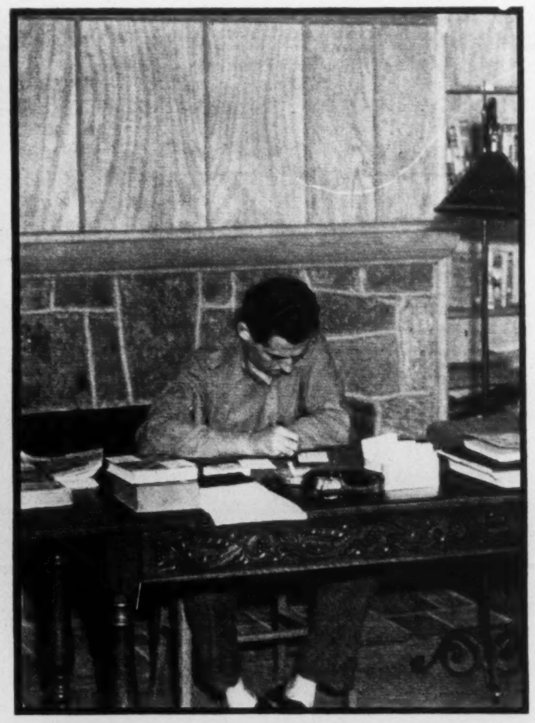
Trained occupational therapists are on the job, overseeing handicraft, garden or any other work where the boys are receiving treatment. They attend group discussions in order to intelligently participate in the discussions of physiology with the men. With sympathetic understanding and skilled eye they are noting the progress of the patients, watching the indifferent, the restless become attentive and interested in the job, and the aloof gradually become friendly. The use of occupational therapy in the treatment of the physically wounded may mean exercise of stiffened muscles of a limb. In the treatment of the mind constructive thought is exercised. Worry, fear, feeling of inadequacy, anxiety about the future, common in neurosis, are increased by too much concentration on the self, occupational therapy coordinates inner forces and restores balance by redirecting the focal point to outer things — constructive tasks, through group discussions and social contacts.

Mrs. A. W. Kitchen is the matron in charge at the Hall and cool comfort is everywhere. There is a spacious recreation room with chesterfields and music for the melody-minded. The library, with three hundred new books supplied by the Red Cross, is a quiet retreat. One lad back from Italy declares the food is "simply tops". Miss E. Welch, dietitian, and an able staff see that special care is given to the preparation and cooking of the food in order that vitamins and minerals will be preserved. The men take turns helping the kitchen staff. They are also responsible for the care of their own rooms which overlook the sparkling blue of Lake Ontario. The rooms occupy two floors, accommodating eighty. Three stalwarts now enjoy the luxury of the former bridal suite. Other rooms are done in a shell pink color scheme, with private bathroom adjoining in cream and black tile. "A swell place — a home away from home," says a former engineer from Sudbury.

EVENING entertainment is well planned. The Toronto Branch Red Cross puts on a dance Monday and movie Friday. Parties and entertainment are arranged by the girls from General Engineering Company and Ajax Defense Industries and by the boys themselves. Men leaving Scarboro Hall after four or six weeks stay have regained their strength; they are readjusted and have gained a new philosophy for living; a new understanding of that very important person—themselves and their place in the community. No effort has been spared to solve their problem, a condition which if neglected could provide fertile soil for advanced neurosis, hence the limitation of their value as a useful citizen of society. Some men return to the army but the majority return to civil life, where a definite job awaits them, and where they take their full place in the community.



In the carpentry shop the men turn out many articles of kitchen equipment for the Hall.



The library, with three hundred new books supplied by the Red Cross, is a quiet retreat.

This cheerful group has gathered to hear one of the tri-weekly lectures by the Hall's resident physician. Keen interest is displayed in questions asked in the group discussion that follows.

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Does Germany Really Need Living Space?

By THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

The German cry that has been heard continually since early in this century and undoubtedly will be heard again is for more living space. What are the facts?

Dean Inge points out that Great Britain has more than three times the density of population of Germany, without ill effects. Also no great increase in population has been experienced or may be expected in Germany.

Wallingford, England.

"LIVING space" and "encirclement" were the two slogans by which the Nazi Government hoped to convince the German people, who, as Neville Chamberlain himself told me after Munich, seemed to be as anxious for peace as we were, that their neighbors were in a conspiracy to exclude them from their rightful place in the sun.

The word "encirclement" was, I think, first used by von Bulow, the oily Chancellor of William II., in 1906. The Emperor declared in 1914 that the "Encirclement of Germany has now become an accomplished fact."

There is no doubt that at that time the Germans thought of gaining "living space" in the East of Europe. Even Hitler protested that he had no designs upon us, and added, in his Mein Kampf, the rather surprising words, "The British nation can be counted on to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary."

But appetite grows by eating. What the Germans now mean by living space may be gathered from a horrible paragraph quoted in a London newspaper from Field-marshal Rundstedt:

"One of our great mistakes in the first world war was to spare the lives of civilians. We Germans must number at least twice the population of our neighbors. Therefore, we shall be compelled to destroy at least one-third of the population of all adjacent territories."

I will waste no words about the monstrous doctrine that a nation with an unregulated birth rate has a right to exterminate or expropriate other nations, nor on the revolting massacres, which have no parallel in history since the pyramids of skulls which the Huns and Mongols used to erect on the sites of the towns they had captured.

But what are the facts about "living space?"

England More Crowded

What nations in Europe are really over-populated? Which have the highest and lowest degree of self-sufficiency in foodstuffs? These figures come from the German Institute for Business Research (1939). Great Britain 25 per cent; Germany and France 83 per cent.

At the higher end of the scale come Australia (which, as the Germans must know, is not open to our settlers) 214, and the Argentine 264. That the figure for Great Britain indicates a frightful danger to our island ought, one would think, to be obvious to everybody; but apparently it is not.

Is the population of Germany increasing so rapidly as to cause justifiable alarm in her rulers? My readers probably know that we must calculate not the annual surplus of births over deaths, but what is called the reproduction rate, which in all the high-standard nations has fallen below unity.

The yearly number of births, which in 1900 amounted to 1,800,000, had fallen to 971,000 in 1933. The Nazis, eager for an adequate supply of cannon-fodder, at once instituted a violent propaganda in favor of large families, backed by heavy bribes in the form of marriage loans and bonuses. They have succeeded in raising the birthrate, not to the 1900 level, but to the 1926 level, no very brilliant achievement, and the marriages, which were 740,000 in 1934, had fallen again to 620,000 in 1937.

In spite of legislation against birth-control, 43 per cent of those who married in 1933 had no children at the end of 1936.

No Great Growth Probable

The German Statistical Office in 1938 published a prediction of the probable numbers of Germans till the end of the present century. They prophesied a slow increase till 1970, and then a slow decline. At the latter date only about two-fifths of the population will be of child-bearing age. In my opinion this estimate is too favorable, both for other reasons and because the effects of the war were, of course, not considered.

Trustworthy estimates of the German war losses are not available. In the Great War they lost 2,300,000 killed and 400,000 from sickness. Of the other chief belligerents, according to the Danish expert Vadel Petersen, the British Empire lost about a million dead; France 1,300,000; Austria-Hungary, including deaths from sickness, about 1,500,000; Italy over 400,000; Russian losses were enormous, but are not accurately known.

The total military losses were about ten millions. In addition, the loss to the population of Germany by reduction of births amounted to about three millions.

Taking all the belligerent countries together, the loss from this cause probably about equalled the number of those killed in battle. German propagandists assert that 750,000 deaths were caused by our blockade.

A study of the vital statistics published in Germany itself has convinced me that this statement is absolutely untrue. There was some rise in the civil death rate in 1918, but that was the influenza year.

The terrible world-wide epidemic which we agreed to call influenza destroyed at least ten million lives, 112,000 in this country; but Germany and Austria escaped rather lightly.

I should guess that the German military losses up to date are about the same as in the Great War, though there have been no such holocausts as at Verdun. In the three years 1940-42 there were 11 per cent fewer births than in the previous years—a loss of about 600,000; since then the fall in the German birth-rate has been about 25 per cent.

There is always a rise in the birth-rate for two years after a great war; for instance in this country the rate was 17.7 in 1918, and 25.5 in 1920. But it will take many years for Germany to make good the losses of this war.

These figures should be enough to show that there is no over-population, or prospect of over-population, in Germany, nor any excuse for their territorial aggressions.

As for their tropical colonies, which they complain of having lost, their white population was quite negligible, and the Nazis do not encourage Germans to leave their country.

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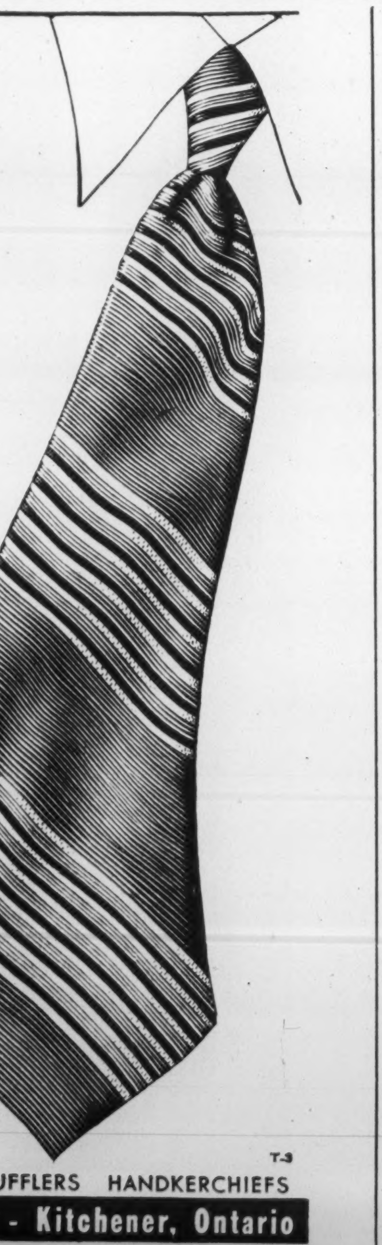

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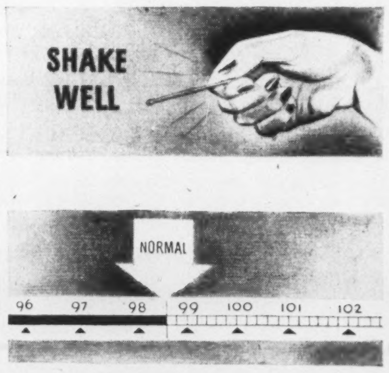
It's mighty important these days. Doctors are busier than ever and often can't come the minute they are needed.

So it's up to you to know elementary first aid and the most common signs of disease.

Most of all, of course, you can help yourself—and your doctor—by keeping well. And if any unusual or persistent condition develops, consult your doctor *early*. You will save your time and his.

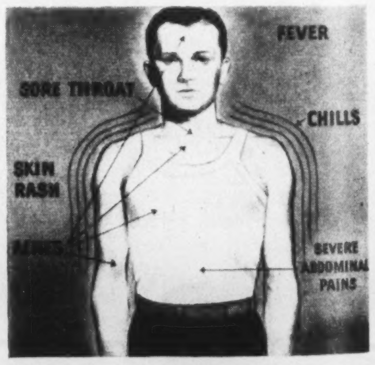
Meanwhile, check up on the important points below.



1. Can you take a temperature?

Fever thermometers are easy enough to use. The mercury should be well shaken down. Leave thermometer under tongue at least three minutes.

Any person with a temperature much above normal (98.6°) probably needs medical attention and should go to bed.



2. What are common danger signs?

Sore throat . . . skin rash . . . chills, fever and aching . . . persistent or severe abdominal pain are often signals that precede a real illness. If one or more of these symptoms are present, it's best to consult a doctor.

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS?
WHERE IS THE PAIN?
HOW LONG?
TEMPERATURE?

3. Do you know how to call a doctor?

If it's illness, the doctor wants to know signs and symptoms as accurately as you can tell him, how long they've lasted; the patient's temperature.

In case of an accident, describe the injury; what you've done; the victim's apparent condition.

In any case, you'll help by being calm.

With the help of your intelligent description, the doctor can offer suggestions, decide how urgently he's needed, and forsee what equipment he will need.

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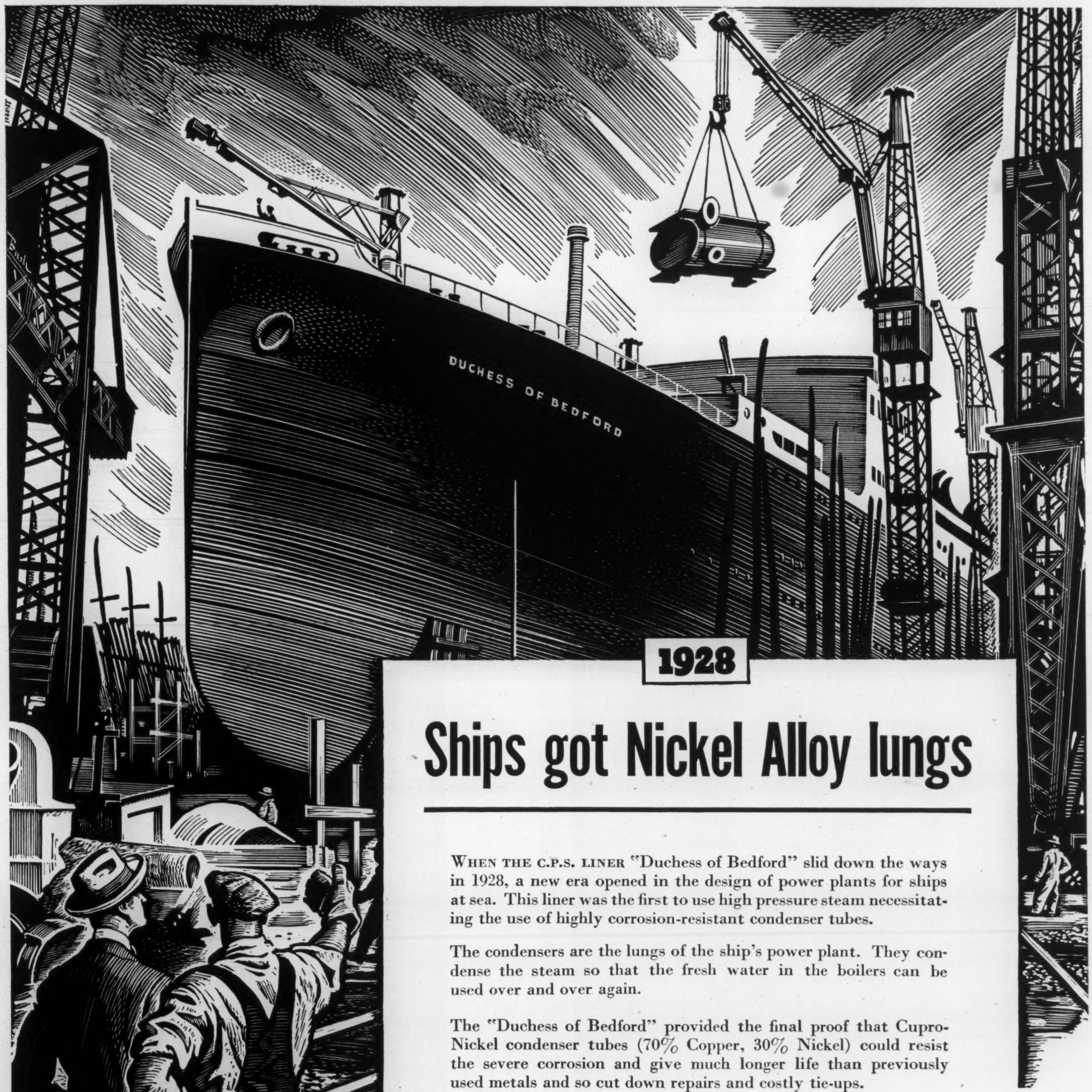

1928

Ships got Nickel Alloy lungs

WHEN THE C.P.S. LINER "Duchess of Bedford" slid down the ways in 1928, a new era opened in the design of power plants for ships at sea. This liner was the first to use high pressure steam necessitating the use of highly corrosion-resistant condenser tubes.

The condensers are the lungs of the ship's power plant. They condense the steam so that the fresh water in the boilers can be used over and over again.

The "Duchess of Bedford" provided the final proof that Cupro-Nickel condenser tubes (70% Copper, 30% Nickel) could resist the severe corrosion and give much longer life than previously used metals and so cut down repairs and costly tie-ups.

The Canadian Nickel industry, depressed through the loss of its wartime markets, was quick to take advantage of this new market. Definite improvements in the quality and finish of this Nickel alloy were made. Soon Cupro-Nickel condenser tubes were being used in practically all new ships.

Today Canadian Nickel is again diverted to war purposes, and again the industry looks to the future with confidence. Plans are ready to develop and expand old and new peacetime markets, so that the Nickel industry may continue through its own initiative and enterprise, to make still greater contributions to Canada's welfare.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Churchill Statement Slows Down Ottawa End-of-the-War Activity

By G. C. WHITTAKER

ONE of the beneficial by-products of Canada's more or less subordinate, though on that account none the less effective, part in the war is that it has discouraged home-processed predictions about the time of the war's end. Few have emanated from our seat of government, either on the authority of identified or anonymous personages purporting to be "on the inside" or on the only a little less impressive calculations of professional observers. Both have prudently and properly recognized their limited capacity as seers in relation to this exceedingly obscure aspect of the future, and likewise have credited the mass of Canadian laymen who follow the progress of the war intelligently for themselves with sense enough not to expect it of them.

For this we should be extremely thankful. No such sense of prudent modesty has restrained the "insiders" or the observers at Washington. The United States capital has been overflowing for months with inspired advance notices on the collapse of Germany. Many of them have been addressed, through specializing mediums, to particular interests in the community by way of guidance in the planning and conduct of their affairs. Pity the bedevilled beneficiaries of this gratuitous guidance and be grateful that you have been left to grope in the dark. Unless the Germans come suddenly to their senses within the next few weeks even the more conservative of the advance notices will be revealed to have been duds, as the more impulsive have already been.

(In parenthesis, we are impelled to digress for the delivery of a thought that has been protesting for some time against the confinement of our cranium: a thought about all the other rot that has been written about this war. Some writers, especially in the States, must have made sizeable if not respectable fortunes out of it and must now, if they have any of the finer sensibilities, be ashamed to look their editors, to say nothing of their readers, in the face.

(Early, even before our good neighbor and ally became a belligerent, we had nerve-shattering notices, purposefully pointed by convincing diagrams and other life-like illustrations, of what the saboteurs were going to do to our war plants. They found eager and susceptible readers—to such an extent that about the time the United States entered the war many of our normally serene captains of industry were beseeching Ottawa to provide greater protection against the danger. It is to be thought that with all this mischief in the making some of it would have found its mark even despite Washington's ubiquitous Mr. Edgar Hoover and his fabulous G-men, not to mention our own equally alert if more publicity-shy R.C.M.P. —the name of whose chief, should it be asked for, would probably not be on the tongue of any would-be prompter in a national-network audience of a $64 question program. And yet we cannot recall a single war plant or other disaster on the whole continent in the last five years that has been authoritatively or seriously attributed to enemy agents.

Common Sense Not Used

(We had the heavily detailed if undocumented descriptions of the line after line of enormous, novel, and virtually impregnable defences with which the Germans had studded practically the whole of France and the Low Countries against our invasion. No simple calculation that it would have taken the Germans more like ten years than four to produce and install them even if they could have found the materials deterred the ambitious authors. Our liberating armies found the fairly orthodox coastal defences their generals had expected to find and had prepared for, and in about the expected density. The rest was fiction. Our own softening bombs had probably created more tank obstacles, apart from mines and anti-tank guns, than the Germans themselves had erected west of the Siegfried Line.

(Then we were given a tabulated and impressive preview of what our relief organization would find in Europe after these unassailable defences had been successfully assaulted. Only a few months ago a publication with one of the largest circulations in the United States counted the starving millions, told us flatly and without reservations that of 300,000,000 hungry people in Europe 30,000,000 were doomed irrevocably to death from lack of food because this continent could not provide enough. So positive was the picture that we know one or two authorities who, on the strength of it, predicted bread rationing on this continent after the war while we shipped our cereals across the Atlantic. The situation, it can well be understood, is bad enough, and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration has a tremendous and urgent job to do. But with most of Italy, France and Belgium and part of Holland already liberated, we have had no reports of actual starvation. And we are now being told that the requirements of Europe will not even relieve us of our wheat surplus.

Not So Synthetic After All

(Finally, added to the bearable burdens of five war years we have had held before us such deceptively convincing visions of a synthetic postwar world as to make us wonder why we bothered to halt Hitler. And now, with the future just around the corner, the very publications—perhaps even the same writers—that imposed this fanciful intelligence upon us are hailing an imminent return to the materials and methods of nature quite as if they had not driven us to the brink of despair. It's been a wonderful war—for the writers of fiction.)

With that off our chest, and while there is still a little space left, we return to what we set out to discuss, namely, the consequences or contingencies attaching to the now known (thanks to Mr. Churchill) uncertainty as to the time when the war is likely to end in Europe. First of all, of course, there is the election. While there was still some reason to accept with confidence predictions that Germany would quit or be conquered this month or next it was only logical to think that Mr. King might decide to bring on the voting before Christmas. If Germany was to be out of the war by November at the latest he could have called the balloting for that month or December and been within his assurance that he did not propose to have it until the European phase was over. He cannot now do so. If he is to dissolve the present parliament in time for the pre-Christmas election of a new one he will have to find some good excuse for departing from his August undertaking.

Only Mr. King Knows Answer

Such an excuse could be found easily enough. Indeed it is to be found in Mr. Churchill's own statement that the war in Europe may extend through several months of next year. For, Mr. King also intimated that he did not propose to hang on until the lapse of the life of parliament by constitutional limitation. Since that will come, unless forestalled, on April 17, the election must be held, if Mr. Churchill's cautionary warning is well founded, while the war is still on. The possible consequences of the intrusion of an appeal for votes on the forthcoming appeal for subscriptions to the Victory Loan would, in the view of the War Finance Committee, be a good reason for avoiding it. What counts is whether the Prime Minister takes the same view. If he does the election will not be held before the early months of 1945 but must, in view of his assurances, be held then —by the early days of Spring at the latest. This is a narrow and at the

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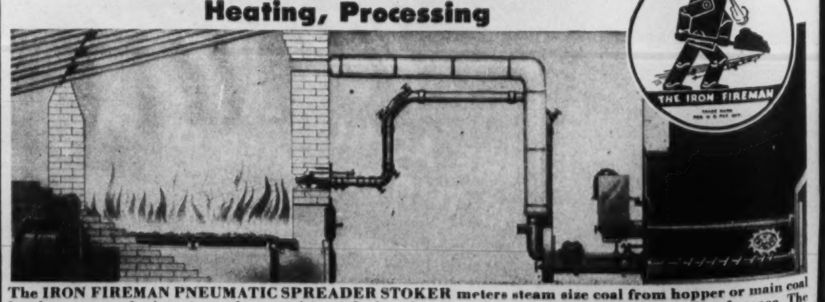

The IRON FIREMAN PNEUMATIC SPREADER STOKER meters steam size coal from hopper or main coal bunker to transfer housing, where coal is picked up by pneumatic conveyor and delivered to furnace. The conveyor nozzle accurately spreads the larger particles of coal over the entire grate in a shallow, uniform fuel bed. The preheated fines burn in suspension, reducing the cinder carry-over and greatly improving the combustion efficiency and responsiveness, as compared with other stokers which do not preheat fuel.

same time the widest possible margin. Only Mr. King could contract it further.

Then there is the lifting of the war controls. When we told you last week that this would come promptly with the ending of the Hitler war Ottawa was somewhat feverishly if quietly preparing for the day. It was anxious to be in a position to notify business so that it would have plenty of time to get ready for the change-over to civilian operations. Now, in the light of Mr. Churchill's statement, there is less need for haste.

Another thing that the Churchillian prescience may give Ottawa more time to determine, subject to the approval of Washington and London, is the part the Canadian army, navy and air force are to play in the war in Asia. And this in turn may prolong the uncertainty as to the ultimate disposition of our home defence army for which men are still being drafted out of productive jobs in face of the continuing acute shortage of manpower in industry.

If it has been determined what, if any, part Canada will claim in the occupation of Germany—it would be for the Big Three to decide, should we make such a claim—there has been no hint of it here. This may be one of the matters on which Colonel Ralston is now personally canvassing the sentiments of our soldiers in the theatres of war. We do not say that it is.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

What Smells Sweet to One Man May Simply Smell to Others

By JEAN TWEED

I BELIEVE what I read. It's almost touching the way I grasp at the printed word as the ultimate truth. And when it comes to women's magaines I've always been just a lamb led to slaughter.

Every article headed "Is your Glamor up to your Grammar?" or "Are you a Good-Looker as well as a Good-Cooker?" sent me flying to drug stores and cosmetic counters.

Carefully, I bought everything the article recommended. (My dressing table would startle Elizabeth Arden.) In my time I have bought creams by the hundredweight, powder by the ton, hair curlers by the gross. I have tried Wonder-lust Eyelash Dusters, Seduction's Own Ear Caps, Sweet Dream Mud Packs, and Sweet Whispers of Nothing Nose Clamps. I have attempted to rejuvenate my figure with Snuggles' Corsets, Stand-out brassieres and Bertie's Back Brace.

And then the perfume! I bathed in Madness and Folly ($5.00 the dram), I revelled in Dream of Love (guaranteed to "make that dream come true"); but the one I gave my heart and pocketbook to, was Touché at Midnight! The advertisement for Touché at Midnight! caught my eye. Displayed on a black velvety background was a cut-glass bottle of perfume. The fumes wafted up from the bottle and settled behind the ear of a Madonna-like woman hazily sketched. Drawn to the fumes like a magnet was an equally hazy, but extremely handsome young man. Underneath in white ink was the challenge, "Do you dare.? If you do, we won't be responsible. It's Touché at Midnight!"

This attitude of "Use this, and you're on your own" fascinated me. I could imagine myself as that Madonna-like female. Just who the romantic young man would be I wasn't sure. On reflection I decided it had better be my husband, just in case this Touché stuff really worked.

To give it an even chance I had my hair done, bought a new lipstick and a very glamorous housecoat. Then, one evening around about eleven I decided to have my fling. After a half-hour session with creams, lotions and unguents I added the Touché at Midnight! and went out and perched on John's chair. I sat and waited for the waft to take effect. Nothing happened.

"Maybe the open window is wafting this Touché in the wrong direction," I reasoned. I closed the window and re-perched. This seemed to help. John looked up from the paper, sniffed the air a couple of times, looked up at me and smiled beatifically. "Were you pickling today, dear?"

I DON'T know why I always get taken in by these beauty campaigns, the result is always disastrous.

Take for instance, the time I got all worked up about that article, "Does your Husband Still Tingle When He Sees You?" Now, I have never seen a constantly tingling husband, and why I should have suddenly become enchanted with the idea, I can't say. But there it was. I knew John never emitted a single ting when he came home at night, and I decided he should.

According to the article, you could become a tingle-maker "in the time it takes to cook a roast."

Anyway, I put the roast in the oven. "Get into the bath and relax" said the article, firmly. "But first make sure that all your beauty adjuncts are near at hand." Obediently I rounded up a large tray of "beauty adjuncts". This took some time because I decided to make a thorough job of rounding up, and there were a lot of old adjuncts in the storeroom. When I lugged all this stuff into the bathroom there was the problem of putting them "near at hand". There was only one level top in the bathroom with proximity to the bath. I used it.

I got into the bath.

I relaxed.

This proved so enjoyable I forgot about the adjuncts. When I came to, it was past the time to put the vegetables in the oven. I clambered out of the bath and ran for the kitchen, waiting for nothing, not even clothes. My wet feet slipped on the kitchen linoleum and down I went, cracking my head on the sink. As I picked myself up I came face to face with the grocery boy. He was staring at me through the glass door in the kitchen. I don't know whether he was tingling or not . . . I didn't wait.

THEN there was "Getting Old? Take Time to be Lovely". This accused all women over thirty of "thickened waistlines, drooping shoulders, spreading hips, bulges under the armpits, chins that double up, tummies that sag, muddy complexions and dispirited hair." Truly a horrifying picture. The article said to write for lessons by mail.

I wrote.

Lesson No. 1 was a bill for a large sum of money. I sent a first installment.

The answer was a series of "easy" exercises. They all looked pretty vigorous, but I spied one that said, "Relax in the beauty angle position; feet on chair edge, body on floor, pillow under hips."

Maybe we haven't the right kind of chairs, but my knees kept trying to bend backwards, without any support under them. Then the rug kept itching my neck, and finally my arms seemed to belong to two other people. They kept getting in the way.

I was lying there, determined to relax when my daughter came home from school. She saw me and rightly assumed that no one would voluntarily get into such a position. She decided I had fainted. She threw a large glass of cold water in my face.

I gave up and now am suffering from a thickened waistline, bulges under the armpits etc.

But I got over my naive trust in the editors of women's magazines. I got over it just the other day when I was reading an American daily paper. In it was an article about the divorce of a well-known editor of a famous women's magazine, noted for her beauty column on daintiness and glamor. Her husband charged mental cruelty and said, "She invariably failed to remove the dirt ring she left in the bathtub."

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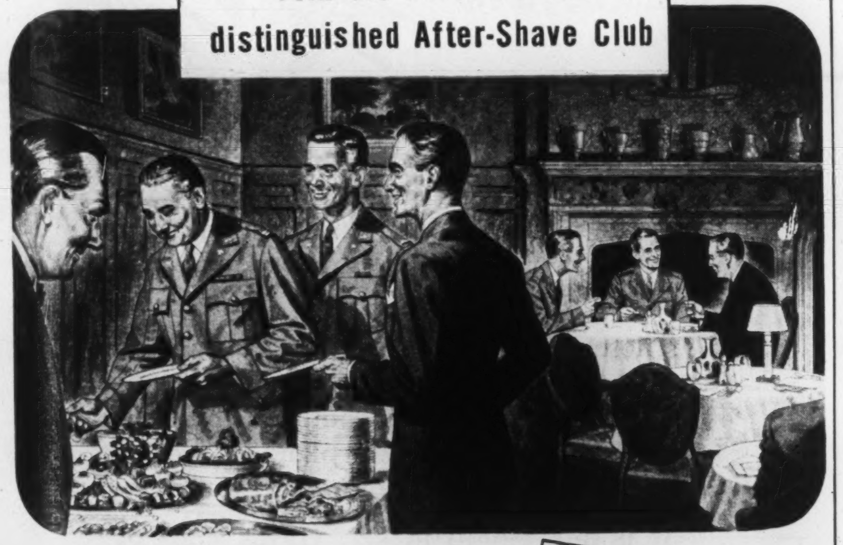

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Are Family Allowances Unconstitutional?

By CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

For this criticism the Family Allowances Act is held to be inadequate as a means of increasing the population, futile as a means of increasing the purchasing-power of the Canadian people as a whole, ill-advised as a social welfare measure, and an invasion of peacetime provincial rights. Dr. Silcox was for six years secretary of the Social Service Council of Canada and for twenty years has been engaged in social and religious research.

THE Family Allowances Act, 1944, was promised in the Speech from the Throne in January last, but the details of the proposed bill were not given to the members of the Commons before June 22. Apparently, the bill was ill-considered at the outset, and the statisticians had to struggle with it, mixing orange juice with the inevitable castor oil to make it as palatable as possible to the general public outside of Quebec and concealing, if possible, the real intention of the bill. Nor was any time allowed for the general discussion of so important a measure by the man on the street. The Government could not wait for public education. Nor was any effort made to contact the provincial governments to assure their criticisms, suggestions or co-operation, although section 10 of the Act does permit the Minister of National Health and Welfare "with the approval of the Governor in Council" to "make arrangements with the government of any province to facilitate the carrying out of this Act."

The Premier of Quebec may have been, and probably was consulted. He intimated that he knew about it, but if some of the other provincial premiers were not consulted and are sore, it is Ottawa's own fault. The provincial premiers have a very sound constitutional right to be sore. Child welfare is their business, and the work of their established welfare departments might be profoundly affected. The only sound reason for the intrusion of the Dominion government into this provincial field would be that provided by a fairly clear case of 'national emergency', as intimated in the decision of the Privy Council in the *Fort Frances Pulp and Paper Co. Vs Winnipeg Free Press, 1923,* case. But what, pray, was the national emergency which was foreseen as beginning only on July 1, 1945? Was the Ottawa government convinced that by that time we could not avoid another depression? One hopes not.

Slipped Through?

The Act was passed when many members were away assisting their various parties in election campaigns. It was passed in a "thin house" when those who remained at their posts of duty were anxious to end the nation's troublesome business and return home. The discussion itself, utterly inadequate, was confined for the most part to the general principles of the bill, rather than to the details which were and still are somewhat obscure. There were few criticisms of the bill, although the Progressive Conservatives properly urged that the matter be referred first to the courts for ruling as its constitutionality, following a course not unlike that pursued by Mr. King, when, as leader of the opposition in 1935, he attacked the welfare legislation passed by the Bennett government. But the sands of time were running out, especially in Quebec, and the Government had to hold some more carrots before the nose of that obstreperous province. The bill finally passed—unanimously, except for one who was paired—but the carrots were not juicy enough! M. Duplessis is now premier of Quebec.

It was not a wartime measure, nor connected with any national emergency. By the time it would take effect—July 1, 1945—a national election would have been inevitable and a new government might be returned only to find a lot of new babies parked on its doorstep. What is more, certain social welfare measures, e.g., health bills, which had received meticulous consideration were postponed while this most debatable one, involving a radical departure from public policy, was pushed through, thus imperilling all subsequent social welfare measures. A future government was simply committed to an enormous annual expense when no one knew or could know whether the national income at the time the Act came into effect would be sufficient to stand the load or not.

What is the Purpose?

Even the purpose of the Act is not clear. Is it an effort to stimulate natural increase? If it was, then two questions may be raised. First, is such stimulation of natural increase desirable? Secondly, if so, will the Act be effective in stimulating it? A satisfactory consideration of the first question would be too complicated at this point. Under certain conditions, a stimulation of natural increase may be desirable, but taking the world as a whole, civilization is reaching a stage when the lifting of the general standard of living demands a certain static population for approximately one hundred years.

If the population of the world were to continue to increase as it did in the first decade of the twentieth century, it has been computed mathematically that the ensuing population would, in 10,000 years, allowing one and one half square feet per person, demand a standing-room 60, 570, 000, 000, 000, 000, 000, 000,000,000,000,000 times the area of the earth's surface. Of course, we do not need to worry about that just yet, but we do have to remember that any country that proposes to increase its living standards cannot increase its non-productive, consuming population in relation to its productive population unless the productive population becomes correspondingly more productive.

But even if we overlook the question of the desirability of stimulating natural increase, this Act must be adjudged inadequate as a means of doing so, since the financial help offered to the nation's guinea-pigs in the practice of fertility is altogether too paltry unless reinforced by additional grants from the provinces. Viewed from this angle, the Act by itself will be a wash-out.

Nor can it be defended merely as a financial measure, aiming to create more purchasing-power in the postwar world and thus obviating the recurrence of depression, for, since the money is to be obtained from taxation, it will not increase purchasing-power by one cent. It simply redistributes whatever purchasing-power may be available at the time, and it will undoubtedly bear down hardest upon that section of the working-classes who are

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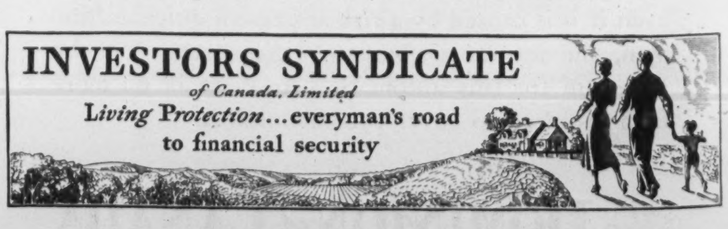

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deemed worthy to enter the aristocracy of the nation's payers of income-tax, who have been the nation's economic backbone and who are being steadily pushed to the wall by the financial insanity of the age. It is this class which, with commendable self-restraint, seeks to cut its coat according to its cloth, to relate the size of their families to the probable size of their incomes. It is their efficiency and prudence which will be penalized in the name of social justice—God save the mark!—to provide for the imprudent, the inefficient, the careless and the mal-educated.

Not Good Social Measure

The Act is usually defended purely as a social welfare measure, but even as such, it is both ill-advised and unconstitutional. It is ill-advised because the real objective of social welfare is not only to relieve and ameliorate temporary distress and misfortune but also to remove, as far as possible, the root causes of such distress. If certain parents are indulging their alleged biological "right to parenthood" at the expense of the even more important and inalienable "right of the child to a decent life," social welfare workers should take steps to correct the parental attitudes. But the Act does not contemplate any preventive measures at all; it merely suggests a continuous amelioration, world without end, of the lot of the unfortunate or imprudent by the penalization of the prudent, the more fortunate and the more considerate.

The real job of the Dominion Government at this point is to take steps to obviate depressions, to end unemployment. If it will mind its own business in that way, it can leave the welfare job of tending the unfortunate to the provinces.

The Act, in my judgment, is unconstitutional, but even if it were constitutional, the provinces should have been consulted about it since if the Dominion Government proposes to drain off $200,000,000. a year in additional taxation — an average of about $20. for every man, woman and child in the country, there will be that much less money available in taxes to the provinces. Consequently, the provinces have a definite right to know how such legislation is going to affect their power to raise money for the fulfilment of their own inescapable responsibilities. Mr. Drew, for instance, is quite properly annoyed if, when he goes to make good his promise that the Province of Ontario would assume certain responsibilities now borne by the municipalities, he discovers that new Dominion legislation involving a great increase in taxation for Dominion purposes prevents him from securing the money needed to implement his promises. And it must never be forgotten that there is a definite limit to the taxing capacity of governments, even in wartime, far more in peacetime.

Charities Belong to Provinces

But the Act is unconstitutional because the B.N.A. Act, section 92, subsection 7, states specifically that the "maintenance, establishment and management of . . . charities" is a prerogative of the provinces, and it will not be easy for Ottawa to overcome that hurdle in the courts, especially when the provinces already have their own departments and methods for dealing with child welfare. Their prerogatives have been recognized for years, and the courts could hardly ignore them unless a clear case of "national emergency" were proved.

If Canada were a country with common educational and living standards, then a unitary control of the social services might be deemed advisable and desirable even if the British North America Act forbade it. But Canada is not such a country, and not even the wishful thinking of the sentimentalists can make it so. There are marked differences in cultural standards and patterns, and so long as these differences exist, there is very much to be said for the thesis that each province can handle its own social welfare problems best.

Finally, whether the social services are the prerogatives of the Dominion or of the provinces, the B.N.A. Act states categorically that education is "exclusively" a provincial matter (section 93), and what are provisions for the rearing of children but "educational" matters? The nature of the control of education in Quebec is well-known and certain social and economic situations in that province are definitely related to the educational policies prevailing and controlled by the Roman Catholic Church. That province would probably be perfectly willing to accept large financial grants from the Dominion for the support of its defective educational system so long as the control of the system remained as at present in the hands of the Church, but it would tolerate, not for a moment, any interference with the policy and system itself.

Now, the whole educational policy of the Church as implicit in its moral theology encourages large families and discourages the deliberate limitation of the family by certain well-known methods. It has fought this battle everywhere, even carrying on a campaign against the report on "Maternal Welfare and the Hygiene of Infants" put out by the Health Organization of the League of Nations, October 15th, 1931, (C. H. 1060, page 25). And the agrarian policy in Quebec, taken over from France, has encouraged large families in the rural areas with a resultant surplus of people who must be extruded.

But as Mr. Miner states in his study of "Saint-Denis", page 87, for this system "to function properly, there must be a continual outlet for this surplus. In France, whence came the system, the disappearance of the outlets resulted in the decreased birthrate." He goes on to point out that most of the industrial outlets for the surplus in Quebec are closed now, so that the surplus has fewer means of establishing itself.

Apart from the constitutional question, it would therefore seem only sensible and fair to insist that if the existing peacetime situation in Quebec leads inevitably to economic tragedy for some or many of its children, the solution of the problem created by its own system should be regarded as primarily the obligation of the province itself rather than of the other provinces. Their own distinctive cultural theories create the problem; their own remedies should solve it.

Prof. MacDougall of Queen's has recently written that "as a community we must work for what we get, and we must firmly squelch those individuals and groups who try to sponge on the rest of us." Whether the Act is unconstitutional, as I believe, or not, under the existing disparity of the cultural goals in the Dominion, the control of the social services should be regarded as the responsibility of the provinces. Each province should, for the most part, bear its own burden, except, of course, in case of some regional emergency. At all events, no such measure as the FAMILY ALLOWANCES ACT should have been rushed through Parliament without previous consultation with the provinces and an effort made to secure their consent to the Dominion's intrusion into a field peculiarly their own.

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THE HITLER WAR

The Key to Everything Remains Agreement With Russia

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

I HAD intended to go further into the engrossing subject of the wisest and most enduring settlement of the German question, which I scarcely touched upon last week. But the more I mulled it over, the more I became convinced that the reason why our leaders had not yet reached definite decisions on the matter was that they had not yet been able to achieve a far-reaching and definite agreement with Russia.

The settlement of Europe, the settlement of Germany, the future peace—all hinge on agreement with Russia. A large part of the public may think, in its innocence, that we are in agreement with Russia. Churchill and Roosevelt met with Stalin, didn't they? Britain and Russia have a 20-year alliance, haven't they? The United States has virtually put the Red Army on wheels, hasn't it?

There are, on the contrary, mounting indications that almost nothing has been definitely agreed upon with Russia. That is not so very surprising. Since we were almost complete strangers, extremely suspicious of each other, and even about to clash in Finland, only four and a half years ago, and still worlds apart in our ideas and our experience, it would be too much to expect that we should have become bosom pals.

There are those who always insist that we have wronged Russia, and been more suspicious of her than she has been of us. But without going back into ancient quarrels and debates, I think that we can review our efforts to promote friendship since June 22, 1941, with a clear conscience and even a good deal of pride.

We expelled from our minds the thought of the pact which the Soviet leaders had made with our great enemy, a pact which unloosed the war upon the West. Now the war had turned eastward, proving the folly of this policy. Did we gloat? No, we at once promised aid, and delivered it to Murmansk at a terrible cost. They had not done that for us, never a ship-load, never a suggestion. *Nor did we drive any bargain for our aid.*

Instead our press was full of letters of heartfelt sympathy to the Russian people in their terrible suffering. Editorials praised the brave Red Army. Great mass meetings, attended by the highest dignitaries in our land, called for friendship with Soviet Russia. Canadian and British cities adopted stricken Russian cities. Collections were made across the length and breadth of the country, of furs and woollens, clothing and linen, and all carried at the cost of thousands of our seamen's lives, to Russia's door. Our workmen even filled the tanks we sent with cigarettes and candy.

Russ Have Bogeys Too

Couldn't Russia's leaders trust us yet, to negotiate a bold and open settlement of the problem of Europe, the problem of trade, and air travel, in sum, the problem of a lasting peace, without thinking of pushing out their strategic frontiers so as to cut Europe in two, seeking "reinsurance" against the possibility of a clash with us—that old obsession of theirs, even more persistent than the "Bolshevist bogey" among us.

Apparently not. They held no public meetings praising *our* steadfast resistance to the Germans, through longer years, or expressing thanks for the weapons and precious raw materials which we stripped from our own dwindling stocks to deliver through dangerous seas to them. They scarcely said as much as Thank You, until the American Ambassador, Admiral Standley, gave them a bold but unauthorized nudge on the matter.

They fashioned the "Free German Committee" and the "League of German Officers" in Moscow, and if this was not done intentionally to blackmail us, with the threat of another Molotov-Ribbentrop deal, that is the way it worked out. One revealing indication of how their minds were working was when they accused *us*, only six weeks after the Teheran Conference, of negotiating a separate peace with Germany.

I don't think they really believed that we were doing that. Official London did not know just why the Kremlin put out this flier (unless you really believe that an editor of *Pravda* dabbles in the highest politics without instruction). But it is thought to have been a crack on the knuckles to keep our hands out of the Balkans — Roumania, for example.

Balkan Cockpit

If you want to go on believing happily that we are in full agreement with Russia, or on the high road to such an agreement, then don't follow me into the tortuous Balkans. We have first of all, the generous-seeming settlement with Roumania. No fault to be found with that; it would be too inconsistent to praise the generosity of its terms in one breath, and with the next suggest some dubious motive.

But there are some very curious things going on in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Though the Bulgarians played a jackal's role in Serbia and Greece, and have a brutal record there, they never sent troops to the Russian front. So Russia did not declare war on Bulgaria, as the United States never did on Finland. But Britain and the United States were at war with Bulgaria, so their emissaries came to us when they wanted peace.

At this point the Russians suddenly declared war on Bulgaria, and the Bulgarian emissaries, as Mr. Hull admitted, simply "disappeared" from Cairo. When the new Bulgarian Government sued for peace six hours later, one would be rather naive not to imagine that this had been arranged in advance. Then the Russians marched in, to put themselves in a position to secure their own settlement of Bulgarian affairs, and surely to bring pressure to bear from close quarters on the old, old question of the Dardanelles.

In Yugoslavia they have their man Tito, sent from Moscow, where he had been connected for years with the Third International, in the summer of 1941. Tito's fight for Yugoslav "liberation" began when Russia's struggle began. To affirm this is by no means to refuse Tito credit for putting up a tremendous fight, just as the Red Army and the Russian people have put up a tremendous fight.

But one need not shout hurrah! with one's eyes and ears closed. This Tito we have supplied, too. Not on a vast scale, but through countless small cargoes run in to the Dalmatian coast from Italian harbors in fishing vessels and submarines, and through 5000 invaluable tons of small arms, Tommy guns and ammunition dropped by plane at a considerable cost.

Without these supplies, it is doubtful if Tito would be the dominant leader in Yugoslavia today. Does he thank us? On the contrary. His radio loosed itself of two blasts last week. The first greeted our invasion of Albania by saying that the Partisans had begun the liberation of Yugoslavia, that the supplies we had sent had been of no consequence whatever, and that they would finish the job without us.

The second blast by Tito's radio, last weekend, said that they didn't want UNRRA in Yugoslavia if we insisted on administering it with our representatives. In plain words Tito —or should one say his master—is telling us that we are not wanted in

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Yugoslavia at all. Meanwhile the Red Army has marched in.

British papers, which heard for years the Russian demand for a "second" front, have not failed to note that during the great opportunity presented this fall to finish Germany by a double blow, the Soviets have instead been tending to the Baltic States, which they have annexed—or "regained", one won't argue about that—and the Balkans, which one is forced to believe they intend to dominate to our exclusion, except for Greece.

Tito's Amazing Demands

Through Tito we learn, besides our intended exclusion, that the plan is to form a South Slav federation of the Yugoslavs, Bulgars and Macedonians. If this were carried out by the free will of these peoples, one could only welcome it. Proposed by Tito one is forced to consider how conveniently it would submerge the closely-knit, patriotic and nationalist Serbs, who form the largest group in Yugoslavia, who in large part oppose him and his foreign doctrines and sponsorship, and who would always make his grip on Yugoslavia a tenuous one.

Then there is the plan for an "autonomous" Macedonia within this South Slav Federation. The Greek Government, which now represents all groups within the country, has vigorously asserted that the Macedonians within Greece are Greeks, and will remain with the nation. Is it unduly suspicious to think that the true aim here is to gain Salonika for the South Slav, Russian-dominated bloc, it "happening" to lie in Greek Macedonia?

Tito, this man of no gratitude and many demands, also asks for Trieste, as well as Fiume. Now Fiume, which Yugoslavia did not have before the war, would provide an additional port quite sufficient to cover that country's trade. Is it unduly suspicious to think that the reason for wanting Trieste is to gain tighter control of not only Austria, whose traditional seaport it is, no matter who owns it, but also Czechoslovakia, a large part of whose overseas trade passes through Trieste?

Because I contest Tito's claim to be the true majority leader of the Yugoslavs, and often take occasion to point out the injustice to our old friends, the Serbs, who fought with matchless gallantry in the last war, and again stood with us against Germany in the spring of 1941, when the British Commonwealth was all alone, I am attacked by the Communist *Canadian Tribune* as a "pro-Quisling". My broadcast over the CBC is used, they say, "to disseminate essentially pro-Axis propaganda."

Wouldn't these people, who were ludicrously forced to follow a pro-Axis line from August 1939 to June 1941, and who then were busy sabotaging our effort during the darkest days of the war, like to make us forget all this now by noisily calling others "pro-Axis". Where was Tim Buck when good patriots were needed, that he can talk now about the "national unity" which *I* am "disrupting"?

Two months and a half from lengthy quotation of one of these Hitler War articles in *Izvestia* to abuse by the *Canadian Tribune*—it is an even shorter span than Willkie was allowed. The trouble with these people is that they can't understand me at all. Only a few months ago the *Canadian Tribune* quoted at length from an old SATURDAY NIGHT article of mine which was the first widely-disseminated exposé of the Nazi plot to buy Anticosti Island.

They can't deny that I have presented a consistently anti-Nazi line in these articles since 1934. But when I leave totalitarian Germany to enquire into the motives of totalitarian Russia, that touches their "Canadian" patriotism, and calls for abuse. Well, I'll tell them my secret. I happen to believe in freedom above all, and especially above all economic considerations; in the rights of the individual; in tolerance (but not for the intolerant); and in fair dealing.

Polish Question First

My opponents have their principles too. They were expressed by Lenin: We must adjust ourselves to a much longer waiting period (for the revolution). While we should be ready everywhere to start the attack at the right moment, we must in the meantime manoeuvre with the utmost resiliency. We must have no prejudices against expedients of every conceivable sort. We must not shrink from temporary retreats, detours, camouflage, diversions, feints and shifts, pauses and armistices, which promise to be of any use.

One may ask, what else can these Canadian Communists achieve, by acting as a fifth column for a foreign power within our borders, but a resentment which must sour our relations with Russia?

But we have strayed. Where Willkie fell foul of the Soviet press, and where I have fallen foul of the *Canadian Tribune*, was through urging a fair deal for the Poles.

Now again the Polish question is in the very centre of all negotiations with Russia. We can't go ahead with a German settlement until it is known whether there is to be an independent Poland on the far side of her. We can't make a European settlement until it is decided whether Europe is to be treated as an independent whole, or to be divided into two spheres of influence.

The emphasis has some time since shifted from the question of Poland's boundary to the question of her real independence. Mr. Churchill virtually conceded Russia's territorial claims in Eastern Poland in his speech last Thursday, but he said that we nevertheless were widely separated from Russia in our views on a Polish settlement.

And he made it fairly clear that we were continuing and even strengthening our support for the Polish Government's offer of a compromise settlement, bidding as he did for a return visit to Moscow by Premier Mikolajcyzk. President Roosevelt had only a few days earlier accredited a new ambassador, Arthur Bliss Lane, to the Polish Government in London.

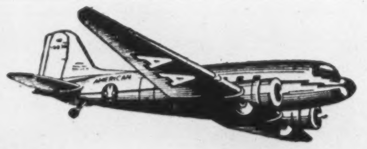
Save Soviets and Selves

There is no intention here to take a moralizing stand toward Russian policy in Eastern Europe. One can appreciate that the Russians must view the Poles very differently from the way others might do. And it would be too much to expect of human nature for the Russians not to be tempted by what must appear the opportunity of centuries for expansion. Such plans they could easily justify to themselves, if they felt any need, by General Smuts' speech about drawing the western countries of Europe into the British Commonwealth.

I am profoundly convinced, however, that if the Russians choose a policy of expansion into the heart of Europe, a rivalry will be set up which might lead to another conflict. And I believe this can still be headed off, that by firm dealing we may be able to impress on the Russians the reality of this danger, and the preferable policy of both big powers staying out of Europe, and instead trying to unify it.

We won't get anywhere with the Russians by sentimentalizing over them. They are immune to that, and don't sentimentalize over us. We won't get anywhere by telling them what fine fighters they are. They know they are fine fighters. We will only deal successfully with the Russians—as this commentary has urged for three years now—by recognizing that they are hard bargainers, raised in a hard school, yet cautious of going too far. We can deal with them only from strength. And there are signs that Churchill, Eden and Roosevelt are beginning to take this line.

A candid shot, at the Quebec Conference of two of the most brilliant, widely-liked but little publicized Allied war leaders, General George C. Marshal (left) U.S. Army Chief of Staff, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, who has been head of the Royal Air Force since 1940.



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in 1921

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In 1933 the man who owned real estate or a share in any business, could have obtained only a fraction of 1929 prices. But the guaranteed value of his Great-West Life policies did not change.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Electron Microscope Makes New Study of Many Germs Possible

By BERNARD FRY

COME with me into a quiet, white-tiled room where men and women researchists are working day and night, patiently unmasking the mysteries of a miracle world. We have never seen, the domain of the infinitesimally small.

It is a region that has hitherto lain beyond the eyes and reach of men, beyond the scope of light itself, but now it is being watched and photographed.

Gaze for a moment at the greenish glow of the threefold fluorescent screen. What do you see? A Flying Fortress or two? They are the crystals of smoke enlarged 7,000 times. Now look again. What are these futurist rows of gleaming skyscrapers? They are cells on the scales of a butterfly's wing!

Just as the new 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar is enabling astronomers to probe three times as far into outer space and photograph the moon with the closeness and clarity of R.A.F. bomber-snaps, so the giant electron microscope makes it possible to peer 500 times farther into the pulsating realm of microbes, proteins, metallic crystals and chemical forms.

The actual degree of magnification, however, is about 10,000 times. It is comparable with transforming a human hair into a log seven feet thick.

Great Possibilities

Aided by such enlargement, the watchers of science in the past few months have seen and identified the filterable viruses that cause influenza and infantile paralysis. They have hunted and photographed the mysterious bacteriophage, a beast which attacks and kills bacteria and may when harnessed by men prove the cure of all disease.

Today, with the aid of an additional photographic device that "blows up" the images to 200,000 times their natural size, they are getting their first bird's eye view of the molecules themselves, spying beyond the atom and perhaps seeing the ultimate cubes of creation.

The physicists playfully nick-name their eight-foot 100,000-volt instrument "E.M " Just what is it, and how does it work?

The electron microscope, like radio-location and the automatic pilot, is a stepchild of the new science of electronics.

When the researchists dissected the atom and discovered the electrons whirling round its core, they were on the point of taming one of the fundamental particles of matter and making it jump through the hoop. When you switch on an electric current, electrons flow obediently through the wire like water through a pipe. Click on your radio and electrons help to boost up the sound.

It was the television cathode-ray valve, with its electron slaves turning electric impulses into patterns of light and shade, that set the scientists thinking.

And they were at their wits' end! New discoveries were being made faster and faster, but old methods were beginning to fail. Among other things, the 300-year-old principle of the light microscope had reached its limit.

Goes Beyond Limit of Light

Have you ever noticed black spots on a soap bubble? That is where the bubble is thinner than the wave-length of light and no light is reflected. Lens-makers now had to face the fact that no microscope could reveal anything smaller than the wave-length of light. Human ingenuity had no limits. Light had!

For the past ten years, unable to overcome this stumbling block, researchists have been groping in the dark and playing guessing games in the borderland of the small.

They suspected the presence of the filterable virus of 'flu, for instance, only because something remotely small was passing through the finest porcelain filter traps. Their best microscopes couldn't show what it was, Infra-red rays helped a little, but the special stain necessary for success usually killed the organism.

Scores of specialists began to work at the same time on the hard fact that the wave-length of an electron is only one-hundred-thousandth of the wavelength of light Television and radio experts asserted that if light could be deflected and bent by glass lenses, so electrons could be focussed by a powerful magnetic field. And so it proved.

Yet the first electron beams hurled through a vacuum against microscope slides promptly burned up everything. New-type collodion mountings had to be used. Slipping slides in and out of a vacuum presented real difficulties. They were overcome by an airlock patterned after a submarine escape hatch.

There were many failures, many disappointments. Yet the secret struggle towards the electron microscope went on.

When Professor E. F. Burton, of Toronto University, found himself one of the first men to be exploring the unknown world of the miniature, he found himself looking at objects he could not identify. One type of diphtheria germ, for instance, had whiskers, another appeared to be clean-shaven. Months of ceaseless experiment have shown that the whiskered type is comparatively harmless, the clean-shaven germ is the killer!

And already the progress from the unknown to the known is producing surprises. Thus the filterable virus appears not to be a germ at all but a set of chemical substances given off by germs. Perhaps they are merely germ waste products that poison the blood-stream. Colds, influenza and even cancer may be caused by a chemical.

Doctors already recognize more than 30 different types of pneumonia germs and know that each requires a different treatment. The "E.M." will soon be a standard tool of research available to every hospital and laboratory. Typing or identifying pneumonia germs by trial and error processes takes time, and time may mean the difference between life and death to the patient.

The "E.M." can distinguish a pneumonia type instantaneously as surely as the human eye judges between a pear and an apple.

So fine is the detail that typhoid germs have been seen propelling themselves with long tails through the blood. Whooping-cough germs used to lie at the extreme limit of visibility of ordinary microscopes. Now we can see the hair-like antennae by which they move. Already, thanks to this "E.M." discovery, a new type of treatment is under survey aimed at immobilizing germs!

The structure of the T.B. germ was totally unknown. "E.M." has added its photograph to a rogue's gallery.

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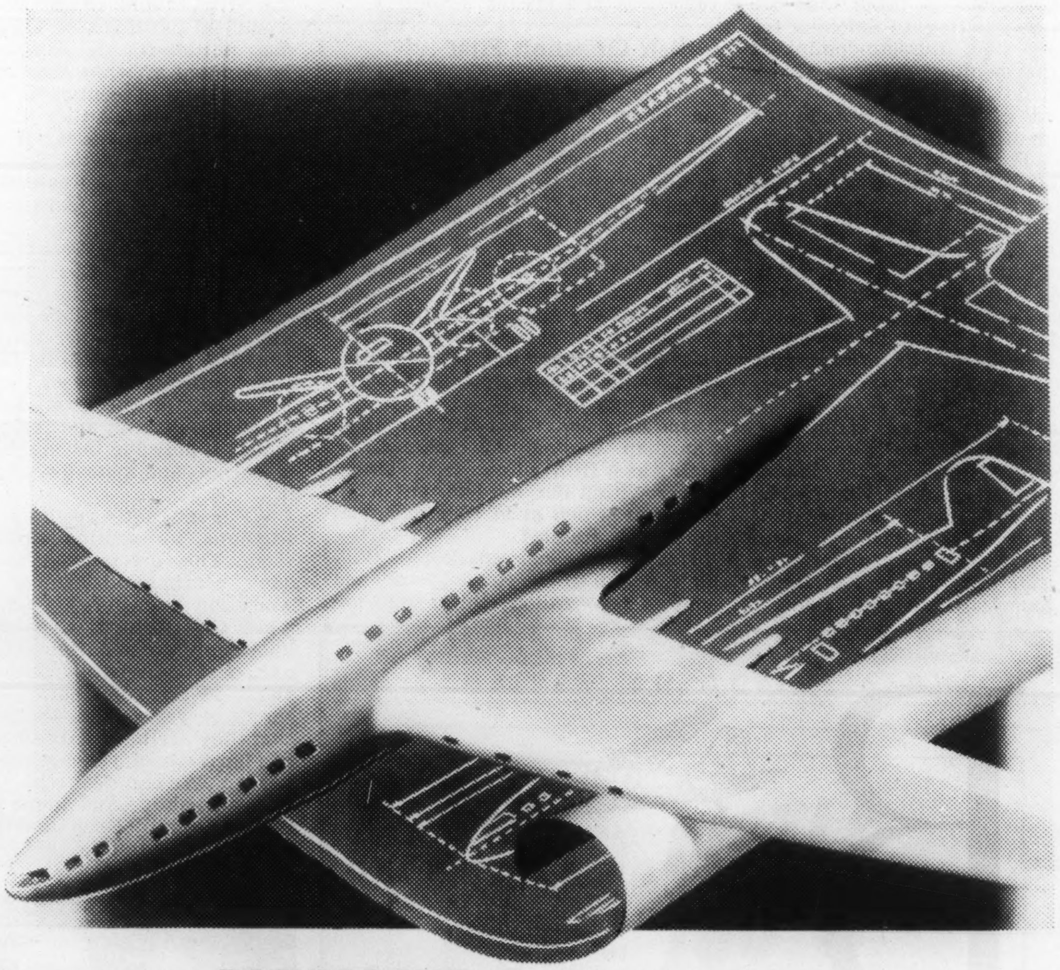

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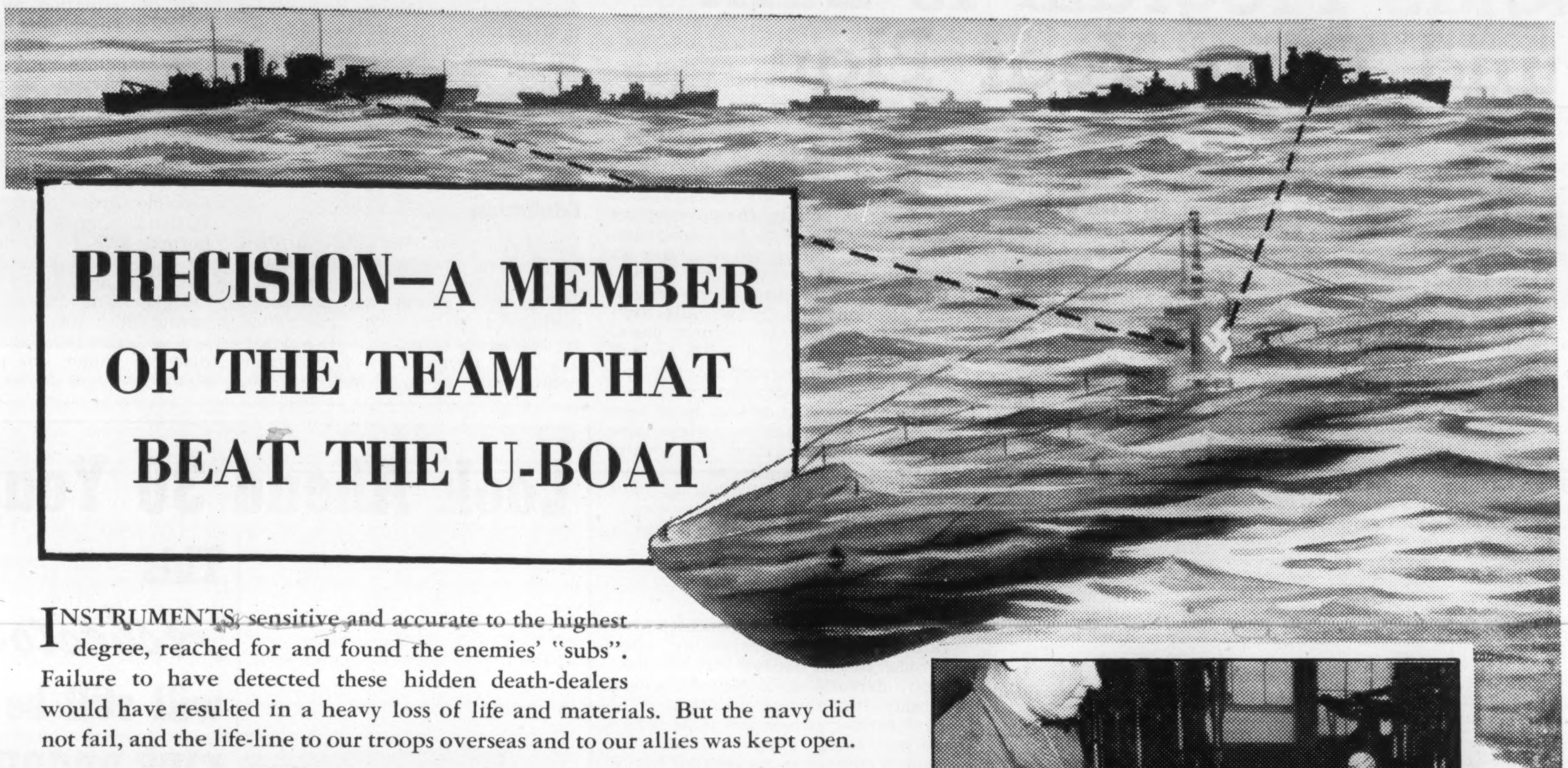


PRECISION—A MEMBER OF THE TEAM THAT BEAT THE U-BOAT

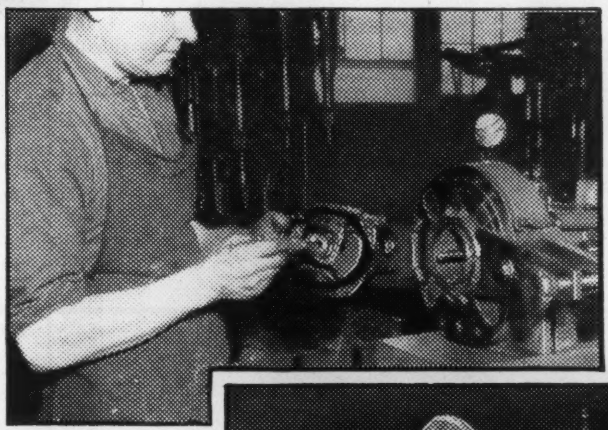
INSTRUMENTS, sensitive and accurate to the highest degree, reached for and found the enemies' "subs". Failure to have detected these hidden death-dealers would have resulted in a heavy loss of life and materials. But the navy did not fail, and the life-line to our troops overseas and to our allies was kept open.

Co-ordination of highly trained personnel and extremely accurate instruments has been successful in dealing with the U-boat menace.

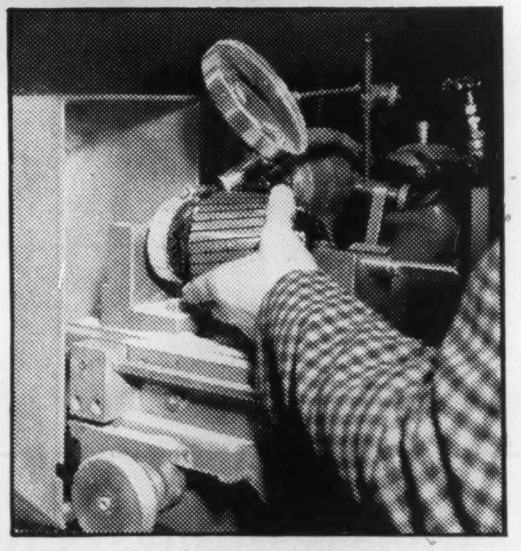
This same principle applies to the manufacture of all LELAND ELECTRICAL ROTATING EQUIPMENT. Its success is proven by the fact that every day more and more people are specifying LELAND whenever they need dependable electric motors, generators, converters or alternators of unquestionable merit.

LELAND electrical rotating equipment is manufactured to rigid standards. Every operation is performed by skilled workers. LELAND'S highly-trained inspection staff checks each step of manufacture and assembly to make certain that no deviation occurs at any point. This results in accurate, reliable motors, generators, converters and alternators . . . which have proven their dependability and long life under the most exacting conditions.

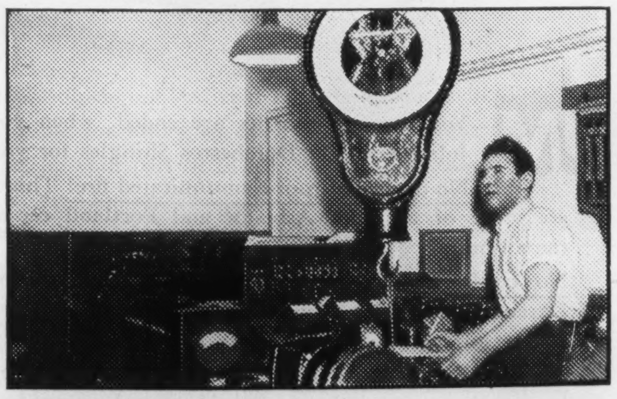
In the past, wartime shortages of materials and manpower have at times made it impossible for LELAND to keep pace with the demand. Today, every effort possible is being exerted not only to supply the fighting forces with vital LELAND electrical rotating equipment, but also to equip home industry for the post-war conversion period.



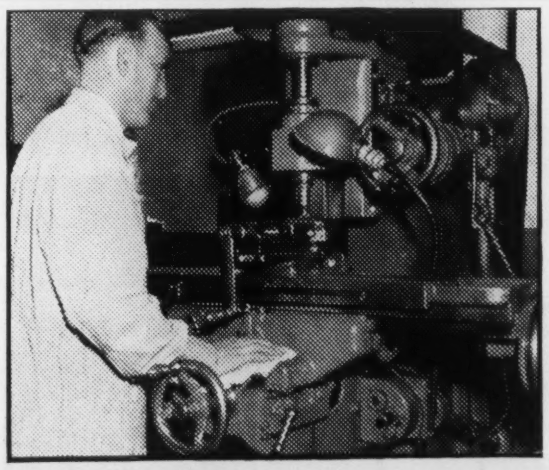
DIAMONDS DO THE BORING—Sleeve bearings bored to .0002" accuracy are one of the features of Leland precision manufacturing. Here a worker checks the boring operation. No variation from this tolerance is permissible.



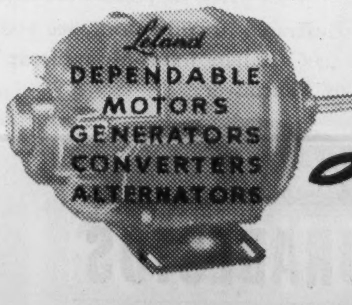
MAGNIFIED TO ASSURE ACCURACY—Commutators are undercut by this Leland worker under a powerful magnifying glass. Nothing is left to chance in assuring absolute accuracy at each step in the manufacturing process.



LELAND MOTORS RUN THE GAUNTLET—When a LELAND motor starts through the factory it is due to receive no less than thirteen major inspections, plus countless minor ones. Here is shown the torque test, where each unit is tested under loads far in excess of its rated capacity.



THE TOOLS TO DO THE JOB—Precision tools are essential to specialized production. Shown is a scene from the LELAND tool room where accuracy is the keynote. Just another reason why 99-6/10% of all LELAND electrical rotating equipment never requires factory service.



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Douglas Program Is Built Around Four Year Plan

By C. ROSS MacEWAN

This is the second of three articles by this well-known labor spokesman on the policies and program of the CCF Government in Saskatchewan.

Mr. MacEwan's first article (Saturday Night Sept. 16) dealt with the new Government's labor program. Here he outlines the economic, educational and health plans for the Province.

Features, which include standardization of teachers salaries, encouragement of municipal doctor systems, assistance to co-operative manufacturing and a radical departure in farm mortgage legislation all are part of a four-year plan which the writer labels a program of "social enterprise".

THE CCF's Saskatchewan success presents that party, for the first time, with administrative problems. Since the province is primarily agricultural and since the CCF brand of socialism specifically excludes nationalization of individual farms, there is very little left upon which the party can practice its public ownership theories. Furthermore the limitations of provincial authority, the limitations of wartime manpower and the limitations of a provincial treasury will hamper fundamental reform, public works or experimentation in public investment.

Restricted in this manner, what will Canada's first CCF government do?

Premier Douglas has announced that the legislature will convene on October 19th and, until then, it will be impossible to discuss specific legislation. But it is not hard to depict the general outline, since the Saskatchewan CCFers, contrary to popular eastern mythology, fought the election upon quite definite provincial issues and promised quite definite reforms. They made no attempt to enter into the "state socialism vs free enterprise" battle now being fought so earnestly and one-sidedly by eastern press pontiffs.

The farmer socialists call their provincial program a "four year plan". Despite the faintly *a la Russe* implications of these words, their real import is not at all revolutionary. As Douglas puts it, the government will follow this plan for four years, after which the people will have an opportunity of abandoning it or continuing it at the time of the provincial election. The "plan" calls firstly for farm and labor security laws; secondly, for extended health and educational facilities; thirdly, for provincial economic development.

The proposed labor laws have been discussed in an earlier article. The farm security measures are equally startling and, despite the fact they have received no attention up until now, will undoubtedly cause considerable consternation when actually enacted.

Farm "Cushions"

Your present-day Saskatchewan farmer is, relatively speaking, prosperous. But he realizes that his prosperity depends upon United Nations subsidy of the wheat industry. That same farmer remembers that, before the war, things were not so rosy. He wants a cushion in the event of future economic bumps.

The proposed CCF "cushions" are laws protecting farm ownership from pyramiding debt or seizure.

These laws will be quite definite and quite literal. For example, the CCFers propose that no creditor may seize the farm house, outbuildings and that part of acreage and equipment needed to sustain a farmer and his family. A second proposed law would make all future loan or mortgage contracts include a section which will automatically suspend both principal *and interest* for one year should the crop yield fall, for reasons of price slump or drought, below $6.00 per acre.

The CCFers maintain that they have no intention of cushioning idleness. They argue that it is sounder economics for the province to permit a farmer to keep himself rather than having the burden of family maintenance fall upon the taxpayer. They argue further that the farmer and his creditor must be considered as partners in enterprise and that, therefore, the creditor partner must assume losses beyond the control of the active farmer partner.

Douglas also wants Ottawa to cooperate with him in forgiving depression seed allowance debts to farmers, an idea which, by recent news reports, Mr. Ilsley does not favor to any extent.

Private creditors will not take the entire shock of these reforms. Douglas has also promised that depression advances by the province will be wiped out by the new government up to a certain point and, beyond that point, repayment may be made in matured grain rather than cash.

In the realm of education and health improvement, Douglas is committed to a program of educational standardization and medical service extension.

Education

Saskatchewan education suffered badly from drought and depression. Even now there is a dangerous lack of teachers within the provincial boundaries. Impoverished farm communities have been unable to pay salaries, and payment has varied from municipality to municipality. This, in turn, has produced staff instability and low teaching standards for many districts. Douglas proposes to correct the situation by standardizing salaries, subsidizing the municipalities where necessary to maintain these standards.

Health services are another western headache, a headache due once again to low community income. Doctors, despite legends to the opposite, do not like payment in hogs or grain nor are they lured out of more comfortable areas into blizzard-swept flatlands merely out of an above-normal love for their fellow man. As a result, Saskatchewan's prairies have been notoriously under-serviced. Douglas thinks he can correct this by encouraging the "municipal doctor" system already established in many districts. Under this plan the municipality hires a doctor on salary and

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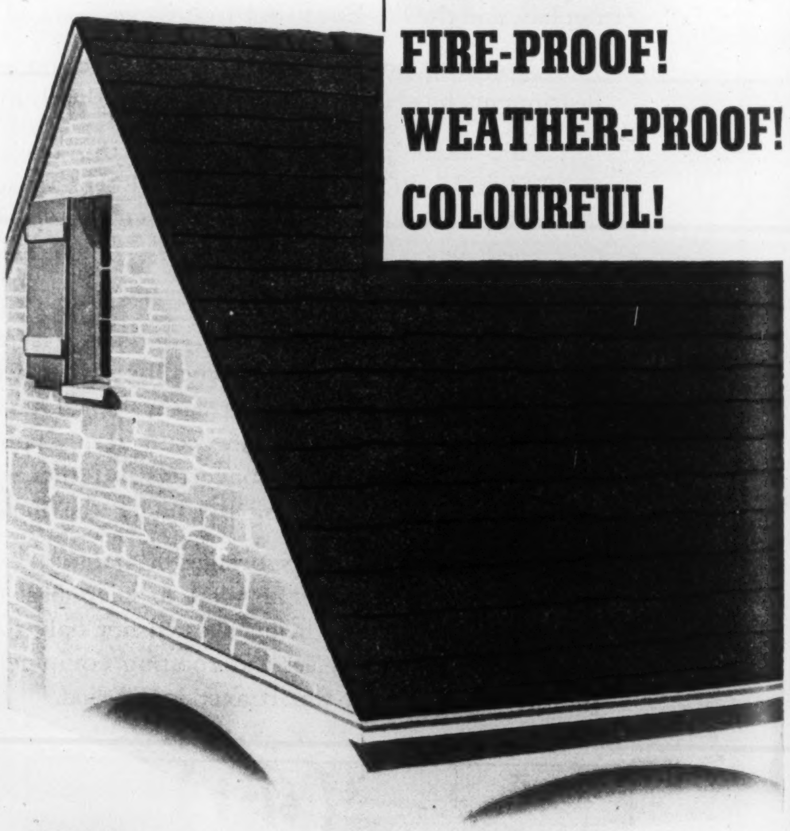

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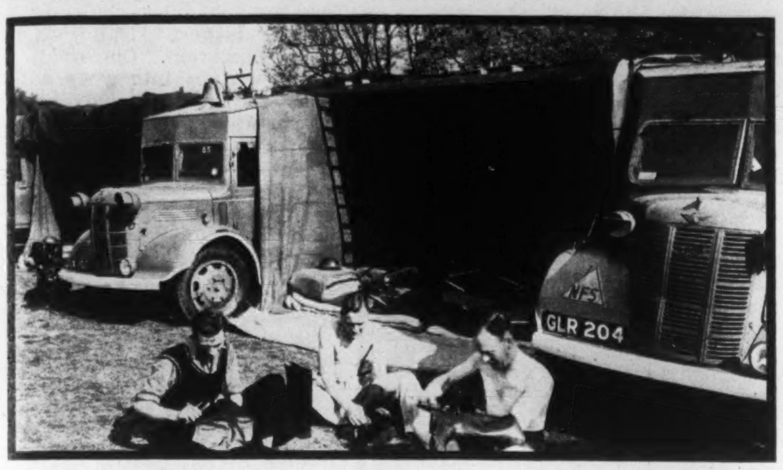

Mobile fire services in Britain have devised this way of making themselves independent of hotels. Three trucks in line, bridged by extension ladders and covered well with tarpaulins makes two sleeping tents for firemen, in addition to sleeping space in the fire trucks.

that medico's services are available free to any citizen within the area.

As part of the four-year plan, Douglas proposes to subsidize this scheme in areas where health services are low, providing a staff by means of provincial scholarships which will encourage youngsters interested in medicine to train for assured jobs as municipal practitioners.

The above measures all come under the heading of reform. But they do not tackle the real problem of Saskatchewan . . . the problem of a lopsided economy. If it is ever to have a balanced future that mid-west province must, somehow, free itself from complete dependence upon the wheat market and must equalize its rural and urban population.

Here the "four-year plan" bursts forth in all its glory. Once under way it may become the most talked-of provincial experiment in recent Canadian history. If successful it will be a big boost for the CCF's "planned economy" arguments.

Farmers will be encouraged to further diversify their crops, thereby becoming less dependent upon cash sales of wheat for their real income. A system of secondary industries will be created within the province. These secondary industries will be of two types. The first type will process farm produce, tapping the realm of bio-chemistry which has become so well-explored in recent years. The second type will produce consumer goods and farm machinery. Douglas sees urban communities growing up around these industries which will provide a market for the more diversified farm produce, sees farm income increased by by-product processing and farm expenditure lowered by close-at-hand manufacturing.

Depending on Co-Operation

These objectives are not at all startling. But the proposed method of attaining them is startling, particularly for those who envisage the CCF as a party committed to state ownership. Here is a case where free enterprise has, so far, failed to take action and has left, therefore, an open road for state investment. Yet, state ownership is not being proposed. Instead, Douglas has stated that the economic development plan is to be developed by the people themselves through their co-operative and credit union societies. Government will stay out, contenting itself merely with correlation of various co-op sponsored plans and providing indirect assistance.

This is not so surprising as it appears. The Co-op movement in Saskatchewan is highly developed, far ahead of any other province. It is also diversified in scope, ranging from the grand-daddy of all Co-ops, the Wheat Pool, to co-op-owned refineries and, in one city, a co-operative funeral service. Total co-op turnover in 1943 reached a provincial total of $105,000,000. While credit unions are a comparatively new development, they too are growing rapidly.

To Organize Co-Ops

Douglas has already announced the appointment of a Minister of Co-operatives and Industrial Development. Armed with funds which will be voted by the first legislative session, this Minister will build his Department. All co-op organization will be coordinated, asked to work out a plan of industrial objectives. The government will probably underwrite such ventures and will, no doubt, subsidize co-op educational efforts with the view of extending co-op membership to even greater heights. Another likely government aid will be the erection of pilot plants and the provision of research facilities.

This is not the entire Saskatchewan CCF pre-election program. But other points such as road-building, hydro expansion, northern development, housing, etc., will naturally have to await postwar manpower. There may be considerable public ownership in these postwar activities.

Unless a federal election takes place before Douglas can get his program under way, his "four-year plan" will be of great national help to the CCF party. At the present time there is a somewhat concerned attempt by opponents to depict the CCF as a totalitarian grouping favoring unlimited state ownership. The farm protection laws described above can hardly be labelled as an attack upon free enterprise in agriculture. In fact, no so-called "capitalist" government has ever dared consider such far-reaching protection for private owners of farmland. The co-operative-government alliance proposed for economic development of the province may not be private free enterprise, but neither is it totalitarian socialism. It is actually a new economic technique which could be called, for want of a better term, "social enterprise".

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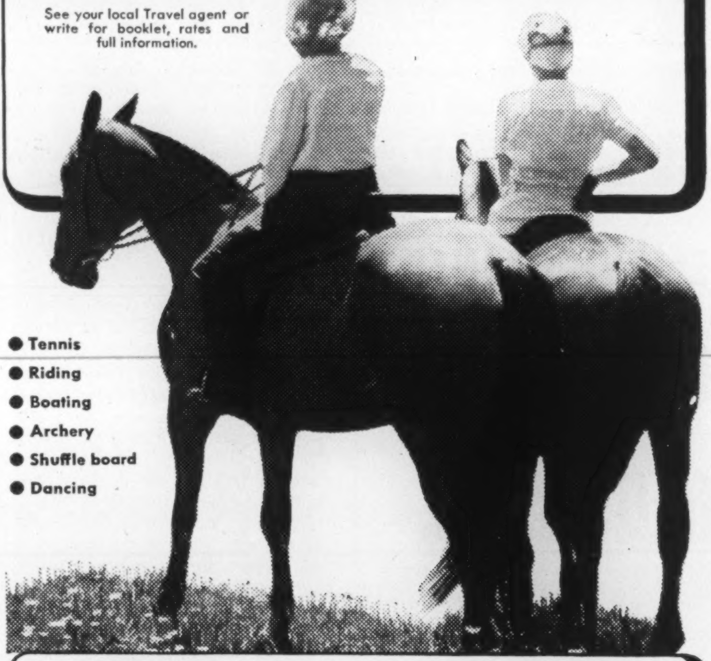

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8/2

Industrial Bank Head In Tune With Times

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY

S. R. Noble has always been one of banking's more advanced thinkers. One of the Royal's bright young men he was general inspector of foreign branches at 30 and assistant general manager at thirty-five. As head of the Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation he has successfully handled one of the country's most difficult jobs during the war.

CANADA'S newest financial institution, the Industrial Development Bank, starts operations under the leadership of a man who has been an innovator in his banking career and one of the government's most successful administrators in wartime.

S. Randolph Noble, the first general manager of the new bank, is both an economist and a practical banker. As a banker he has a rich background of experience in Canadian and international business. As an economist, his original thinking based on unusual experience and self-study have had much to do with the development of Canadian monetary policy over the last 15 years.

Long before the government and the Canadian banks came round to accepting the idea of a central bank and the use of monetary adjustments as a means of controlling economic conditions Mr. Noble was plugging for it from his post in the top tier of executives of the Royal Bank of Canada.

As early as 1919 he assisted the late E. L. Pease, then General Manager of the Royal, in drafting a proposal for a central Bank. The Central Bank came in 1934 with the creation of the Bank of Canada. Mr. Noble belongs to the group of bankers and economists, small at one time but now much larger, who regarded the depression of the 1930's as having been largely due to wrong monetary policies. His friends say his efforts had much to do with the anti-deflationary measures taken by the Government prior to the establishment of the Bank of Canada.

Now, at 57 years of age, this somewhat unorthodox banker looks on the Industrial Development Bank as an opportunity to do a little pioneering in a new field.

The Bank's purpose, as stated in Parliament when it was created last session, is to fill a gap in Canada's credit structure. The gap is an uncovered area between the kind of investment that chartered banks usually make and the kind that is handled by investment houses through the public issue of bonds. It is intermediate and long term credit for small and medium-sized industries. With a potential capital of $100,000 the new bank a wholely owned subsidiary of the Bank of Canada, will be able to lend money to firms with good business prospects to permit them to expand their plants and increase employment.

Will Not Be Easy

"This job is not going to be easy but someone must do it and it might as well be me," says Mr. Noble as he thinks of the worries ahead of him and also of the fact that he could have gone back to his desk in Montreal as assistant general manager of the Royal Bank to serve a few more years with distinction and then retire on a pension.

In it, however, he sees a chance to break new ground, to help avoid a postwar depression, to make jobs for Canadians in smaller industries which, by their variety, will contribute to economic stability, to help the man with a small business to get the capital he needs without parting with control of his own undertaking.

He expects the Industrial Development Bank will have a small staff since the number of loans will not be large. It will be a high calibre staff since it will be concerned with passing upon and supervising loans which commercial lending institutions would not ordinarily make. The new institution will co-operate closely with the chartered banks. It will confine its operations to making advances or investments, will not allow checking accounts and will endeavor to have its clients' regular bankers participate in loans. In that way the facilities of regular lending institutions will be employed in the supervision of the loans.

A native of Fredericton Mr. Noble entered the banking business in his home city at the age of 16. His rapid rise in the bank is comparable to the later performance of one of his wartime associates, Donald Gordon, who also started at the bottom without benefit of university degrees and book learning in economics.

Just four years later he was called to head office in Montreal and at the age of 21 found himself in charge of the credit department under C. E. Neill, then assistant general manager. An extension course in economics at McGill started him out on the study of economics and enabled him to acquire a theoretical basis for the work in the higher banking realms which awaited him.

The Royal Bank was then extending its foreign business. The young man who recently had been called up from the Maritime branches negotiated the purchase of several banks in Central and South America and at the age of 30 was general inspector of foreign branches. Many countries were slipping off the gold standard in those years just after the first great war. Currencies were fluctuating wildly. Noble made it his business to know why these things occurred in order to anticipate fluctuations. He had to in order to protect his bank's interests. He learned about monetary policy by seeing it operate.

Photo by Karsh.

S. Randolph Noble

A short term as supervisor of Cuban branches preceded his appointment as Assistant General Manager of the Royal Bank in 1922. From then on he was in a key position to watch the play of economic forces between the two wars. When depression came he was an advocate of monetary expansion. His influence was not immediately effective but the subsequent course of Canadian monetary policy under two governments reflects his gradual progress in convincing key people that he was right or at least, other things failing, that his ideas deserved a trial. That his influence was enduring can be judged from the fact that a young man named Graham Towers worked under him in those years.

When the story of the economic side of the Canadian war effort can be told in detail Noble's work as one of the nation's less publicized brain trusters will prove surprising. His first wartime job was sugar administrator. That made him the owner of all the sugar in Canada and the sole importer of sugar on behalf of the government. He had to arrange for continuous supplies. He prevented a price rise, nipped speculation in the bud and checked hoarding. In 1941 he became special adviser to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

When the board's complementary organization, Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation, was set up Noble became vice-president and carried out the job of organization. Subsidies running into millions have been paid out to prevent price increases where inevitable advances in costs occurred. The public has been agreeably surprised the subsidies have not been greater. Applicants for subsidies testify to the toughness of the management. Bulk purchases of foreign goods last year approximated $100,000,000 in value.

The Corporation is perhaps the government's largest single wartime business operation. Out of it Mr. Noble now steps into what will be one of the most important and novel postwar government ventures.

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Army Hunger for Maps is Hard to Keep Fed

By PAUL NORTON

Good maps have always been essential to armies but modern war has seen the pace of map-making increase out of all former bounds. Mobile map-printing units now accompany front-line troops and turn out new maps as the action advances. So far a hundred and twenty million maps have been made.

"SO FAST are the Allied armies moving that maps at command posts are constantly getting out of date," wrote a Shaef reporter recently, "large numbers of maps are being rushed up to the swiftly moving columns."

An army depends upon its maps and when it is on the move its appetite for them is almost insatiable. In previous wars map reading has been a business for officers. In the modern Allied armies there is not a trained man who cannot read a map and the Directorate of Military Survey sees he gets them. Already many of the 120,000,000 maps must be out-of-date. Tanks and mobile units cannot carry hundreds of maps like warships. They have constantly to be supplied with new ones when they are advancing and there are specially designed mobile printing presses mounted on trucks which follow them to supply the latest maps.

The maps being supplied today are the result of the tireless work of reconnaissance planes and intelligence officers during the last two years. In most maps for use of the army, it is details that count—small woods, copses, single farmhouses and so on. And these are just the details which get out of date most quickly. Maps of France made before the war would be "near-enough" for a hiker, perhaps, but there have been many changes quite apart from fortifications put up by the Germans. Woods have been cut down, new houses built, even new roads constructed.

Only by photographing every yard of France from the air and, with the aid of information obtained from other sources, turning these photographs into maps has it been possible to supply the soldiers in the field with maps showing every detail of the countryside as well as town plans with individual houses and buildings of importance indicated. Lorry load after lorry load of these maps have gone across to France. In the field, mobile map units can add details such as the position on individual enemy strongpoints and batteries, so that maps are corrected almost hour by hour. The organization now built up means that there is no chance of our troops going "off the map."

Highly Specialized

Map-making is a highly specialized business in which there can be no mistakes—a mistake in a map might result in a battle being lost or casualties being inflicted on our own men by a barrage. In peace-time the Military Survey was content with little more than one thousand Royal Engineer specialists. To-day the number of men and women—specialists in the A.T.S. and W.A.A.F.—working on maps, runs into many thousands, all trained at special centres.

Map-making calls for many different kinds of specialists—surveyors, computers, cartographers, photographers, litho-draughtsmen and machinists to mention only a few. For military purposes they have to learn to work under service conditions, with folding tables and calculating machines erected in the open or in any convenient building, using the information brought in from observers by motor cycle dispatch riders.

There is no department of war in which the co-ordination between the different services and forces is closer than in map-making. The R.A.F., U.S.A.A.F., and R.C.A.F. require not only maps for heavy strategic raids but also, in these days of close support, maps indicating small individual targets close to the front line. In many cases these have to be prepared in a matter of hours, with the target and other features indicated in special colors. For night bombing these colors must be chosen for easy visibility in the very limited light permitted in the bomber.

Maps are, of course, vital to artillery for "predicted fire." Without the trigonometrical data supplied by the mappers, the gunners could not lay down an accurate barrage on targets they cannot see. The hours before a big artillery attack are busy ones for the map makers. The case is quoted of a mobile unit in North Africa which kept its presses going for six weeks, stopping only two hours in every twenty-four for maintenance.

One of the occasions which may call for fast work is the capture of a good enemy map, showing features missing from our own maps. It is probable that the scale of the map will have to be changed to correspond with our own and copies of the map then printed and distributed as fast as possible.

Secrecy Important

The great bulk of the maps are, of course, printed at home before the army sets out. It is then that secrecy becomes important. Maps for many districts apart from those to be attacked are printed. In the case of the invasion probably the map-makers themselves did not know at just what points it would be launched and how it would develop.

In the African campaign the first great sea-borne landing, the Americans took no chances with the 9,000,000 maps of North Africa they had prepared. The map-makers were locked in until the expedition had sailed and the maps were in sealed containers which were not opened until the ships were at sea and there was no possibility of the enemy learning anything.

It is one of the remarkable features of our successive landings that in spite of the great number of people who must have guessed something through their work on maps, there has been no hint of the enemy getting a clue from the great numbers of maps being prepared. If he learns anything now it will only be what must be obvious to him—that all roads lead to Berlin.

LCB

Announcement of change in Spirits Ration

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 2nd, 1944

COMMENCING October 2nd, 1944, and until further notice, every individual permit holder will be permitted to purchase monthly one bottle of spirits (25 or 26 ounces) or two half bottles as available.

As a result of the restrictions imposed by the Dominion Government under the Wartime Alcoholic Beverages Order P.C.11374, it was necessary to reduce the monthly ration of spirits to 13 ounces to assure adequate supplies of spirits until the end of the year. In increasing the ration it should be explained to the public that unless the restrictions imposed by the Dominion Government are removed a similar restriction will be necessary again next year, although the Board, except for the Dominion Restriction, would be able to make available for distribution stocks of spirits in excess of the present ration.

In any event, however, the ration becoming effective on October 2nd can be maintained throughout the winter months, so it is hoped that the public will co-operate by not buying in excess of actual requirements.

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OCTOBER 2, 1944

Free French on Firm Footing in Russia

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

By their activities in Russia the Free French have considerably strengthened Franco-Russian relations. A squadron of French airmen has been fighting under Red Army command, and in addition the Free French have been conducting an aggressive propaganda campaign from Moscow and transferring thousands of liberated Frenchmen back to fight for DeGaulle.

RECENTLY during battles for the Belorussian breakthrough an unusual name crept into one of Marshal Stalin's Orders of the Day. Lost among 20 of 30 names of Russian generals, congratulated for outstanding military achievement, was also the name of a Frenchman. It was that of the commander of the Normandy Squadron composed of Free French flyers, fighting under the command of the Red Army on the Eastern Front.

The Normandy Squadron has created a great tradition in Russia. Its men, constantly increasing in number, are well known in Russian flying circles, and are the favorites of fluttering Russian female hearts. The other night I spent a few pleasant hours with M. Jean Cathala, press attache of the "Delegation of the Provincial Government of the Republic of France in the USSR". Present were Jean Richard Block the famous French publicist, legation attache Captain Foucher and a number of correspondents. But the star of the evening was Normandy Squadron Captain Jeanelle, a tall, manful individual of about 29 with an inexhaustible gallic store of humor.

He kept us in stitches all evening with his magnicient stories of fighting against the Boches, and of the individual exploits of Normandy flyers in the strange land, among people speaking strange tongues. He was filled with unsubdued excitement, for just a few days before, the squadron had gone into action over Eastern Prussia. You could see that Jeanelle felt happy in enemy skies, even though to his great disappointment, he himself, owing to wounds, was not permitted to participate in the fighting.

But the Normandy Squadron is only one phase of Free French activities carried on from Soviet soil. Another is the constant shifting of Frenchmen taken prisoner in fighting with the Germans, or who came over to the Russians of their own accord, from prison camps to Algiers where they join the de Gaulle forces. I met such French prisoners in a number of places and talked to some of them at length in Odessa. Everyone expressed undying hatred for the Germans and asked to be sent into battle. The number of Frenchmen sent to de Gaulle runs into the thousands.

Broadcast from Moscow

The third phase of Free French activities here consists in radio broadcasts delivered daily over the Soviet radio by members of the French Provisional Government Delegation in Moscow: by the head of the delegation, M. Roger Garreau, the press attache Jean Cathala, and the French press correspondent in Moscow Jean Champenois. Day in and day out these people have delivered powerful five and ten minute broadcasts directed to the people of France. Just before the liberation these broadcasts became more and more violent, and in line with the decisions of the French Government, appealed for a general uprising of the French people against the enemy.

One of the most rousing broadcasts was delivered by Jean Cathala on August 13 It dealt with the discovery of the infamous death camps in Poland in which among others as is now known, were found passports of French citizens murdered by the Germans.

"We are awaiting the full list of French passports that have been found," said Cathala. "Two names are already known. I shall tell them to you. One is that of the metal worker Eugene Duramey born in Havre on September 22, 1888; I repeat Eugene Duramey. The other is that of the former premier of France Leon Blum, I repeat premier Leon Blum.

"The unity of these two names has its own meaning. The French prisoners, according to one who escaped, wore two kinds of insignia: some had a yellow star bearing the letter F, the others a red square with the same inscription. The latter were the French political prisoners. Supposing that imbeciles arise who offer the criminal argument that the death factories were destined solely for Jews, the presence of the red square side by side with the yellow star, of Eugene Duramey side by side with Leon Blum, will suffice to drive into the throats of these imbeciles their villainy."

It is difficult to tell here how much response these radio appeals draw. Nevertheless, taking into consideration that there are many thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen working in German factories in Silesia and Czechoslovakia, not to speak of Eastern Germany, some of whom probably have an occasional opportunity to hear the radio, these broadcasts cannot be without effect.

Close Relationship Growing

The fact that the Normandy Squadron fights in Russia, that *official* representatives of the de Gaulle government use the *official* Soviet radio, clearly indicate the close relationships that are being created between the Soviet Union and the government of France to come. This is a tradition, of course, broken only during the miserable years of Munich and the intervention years after the revolution.

France depending for its liberty upon the Americans and the British, knows that it must depend for its peace also upon the Russians. In addition, those French leaders who are the most far-sighted appear to see the future of their country closely linked to that of all three of her great allies and not to any one or even any two of them.

The proof of that is to be found in the four and a half month visit to Russia of M. Pierre Cote, who came here to study Soviet reconstruction procedures. I talked to him one evening at a reception he gave the correspondents before he departed for Algiers. M. Cote whom history remembers as Aviation Minister in the Popular Front Government in France, said that in his opinion Soviet social *legislation* could in great part be taken over by the French people even without altering their social *system.*

He had travelled along the whole liberated area in Russia and learnt, he said, that it was possible quickly to mobilize the population for reconstructing the land if major attention were first given not to the individual needs but to the needs of the whole community. The building of a plant would provide work for people and eventually improve everybody's living conditions. This lesson, he said, he was carrying back to the French Government. Yes, France now looks also to the East.

Because of the confused American and British policy towards de Gaulle the position of the French delegation in Moscow in the diplomatic circles for a long time was somewhat unclear and M. Garreau keenly felt the isolation to which he was subjected by some of the more officious ambassadors and ministers. But this isolation was not of the Russian doing.

On the contrary, the Russians, with an eye to the future, during all this period treated M. Garreau with a courtesy owed a representative of an allied nation. That this will pay good dividends is certain.

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Nova Scotia	124,020	55,007
Prince Edward Island	19,590	6,873
New Brunswick	93,479	34,161
Quebec	647,854	335,482
Ontario	902,291	535,391
Manitoba	165,249	87,106
Saskatchewan	190,137	89,808
Alberta	175,744	120,337
British Columbia	198,362	134,685
Miscellaneous	......	52,695
TOTAL	2,516,726	1,451,545

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THE LONDON LETTER

Even Judges Defied Mines and Fines to Frolic in the Surf

By P. O'D.

HERE in England signs multiply that everything is going well. The black-out has been relaxed almost everywhere, except in those portions of the South Coast which are within easy reach of enemy air-craft —the old-fashioned kind with pilots in them. And even in those regions, if you should forget about the black-out curtains, as does sometimes happen, in spite of nearly five years of having to remember, nothing much happens. It is quite a while since I have heard of a prosecution for such an offence, though once upon a time the sinner was lucky to get off with a mere fine and the very devil of a wigging. And that for a first offence!

Another pleasant break in the clouds is the lifting of the ban on the southern beaches. In the warm weather of belated summer people poured down in their thousands to such places as Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Folkestone, and Margate for their first chance of sea-bathing in years. Or so the poor dears thought. They might look at the sea, they might draw in deep breaths of sea air, but as for getting into the sea, that was quite another story.

Barb-wire, bombs, booby-traps, and floating mines that may have broken away from their moorings, all the various and grim reminders that these particular stretches of coast were once known as the "invasion beaches"—meaning invasion from over the way—tend to keep one from dashing into the surf with loud whoops of joy and the old care-free zest. Stepping on a lurking crab used to be bad enough, but it is nothing to stepping on a lurking land-mine.

In spite of all these open and hidden perils, in spite also of the official warnings to keep out, people bathed, hundreds of them. After all, it is a bit tantalizing, when you have waited so long and come so far, not to be able to do a little paddling at least. As a result, a good many of them, including a High Court judge and an M.P., were haled before the local beaks.

By all accounts the magistrates got a lot of dignified, official fun out of it, gazing sternly at the eminent sinners, wanting to know what they had to say for themselves, reminding them that the law was there to be obeyed, asking if there were any previous convictions against them, and then the fine "with costs", and the curt warning that they wouldn't get off so lightly the next time.

It wouldn't be in human nature—certainly not in official human nature—to refuse a chance like that. But the sympathies of all the rest of us are entirely with the law-breakers. Five years is a long time to wait for a chance to swim in the surf, even if the beaches are not what they used to be.

Jubilee for Women M.P.s

Woman Members have become so familiar a feature of the House of Commons that it is not surprising to be told they are considering the celebration of their Silver Jubilee. It was in Dec. 1919, that Lady Astor made her historic entry, the first woman ever to sit in the House, though not the first to be elected to it. That honor fell to the Irish rebel, Countess Markievicz, who thought so little of it that she never took her seat—never intended to, in fact, for the Irish Members elected at that time, Dec. 1918, immediately formed themselves into the first Dail. So Lady Astor has the stage all to herself, a position which has never been known to cause her the slightest embarrassment.

The House gave Lady Astor a great reception on her first appearance, with Lloyd George and Lord Balfour—Mr. Balfour, as he was then—for her sponsors. But this did not prevent the House being very angry a few years later, when a large and impressive painting of the event by George Sims suddenly appeared on one of the walls of Parliament. There was a very heated controversy as to how and why the picture got hung there among the great Parliamentary figures of the past. As a result, it was discreetly bundled out and presented to Bedford College for Women—probably a much more suitable place for it.

Not very chivalrous conduct on the part of the Members, perhaps, but this is a sort of thing about which they are apt to be very touchy. By way of making sure that nothing like that should happen again, they promptly passed a rule that no portrait of any politician should hang in Parliament until ten years after his death—or hers. So there!

Gas for Private Cars

Another pleasant sign of the rapidly growing confidence and general cheeriness of outlook is the news that the Government is contemplating the restoration of what used to be called the "basic ration" of petrol—a regular supply, however small, that you can use as you jolly well please, and it's nobody's business. We are even assured that Maj. Lloyd George, the Minister of Fuel and Power, will announce it, when the House reassembles in another few weeks, or even sooner perhaps.

Nobody, not even the wildest optimist, expects that the new basic ration will amount to much—probably four or five gallons a month for the smaller cars, and a little more in proportion for the larger ones. But still it is another and welcome step towards the restoration of ordinary peace-time freedom of movement, even if, as one rather meanly suspects, it is partly intended to tempt people to get their cars out on the road again, and so pour a lot more money into the Treasury.

After three years and more of getting around as best he could by 'bus and pony-cart and push-bike and on his poor flat feet, the average motorist will probably feel a surge of new hope, as he contemplates the sheeted car in the garage, perched uncomfortably on its blocks. Nice to think of jumping in and turning on the juice and—but is anything likely to happen when he does, anything but horrid crashing and grinding and convulsive jerks?

Three years of rest and rust are not apt to improve a car's constitution or temper. It may well be that the only one to get much immediate joy out of the new concession, when it comes, will be the local garage mechanic. He has been waiting in surly impatience for just this opportunity. Business has been bad, very bad, for quite a long time. Now it looks like becoming good—much too good, so far as the motorist is concerned.

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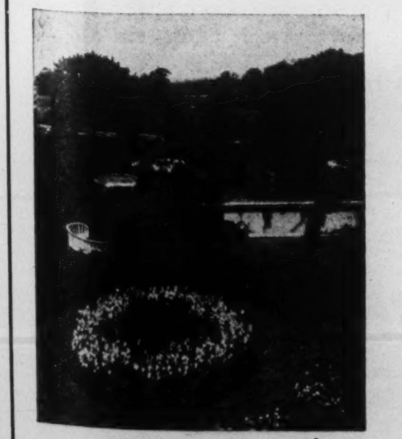

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PRIMER OF THE COMING WORLD, by Leopold Schwarzschild. Knopf. $2.50

NOT NAZIS BUT GERMANS, by Dmitri Tosevic. Ryerson

ARMY OF SHADOWS, by Joseph Kessel. Knopf. $2.50.

I HAVE the unusual pleasure on this occasion of reviewing books by four authors whom I know personally. Schwarzschild I have read and admired for ten years as one of the outstanding European journalists, and had about as many long conversations with him, in Paris and more lately in New York, during that time. I can't forget the prediction which he made at our first meeting, in a small café behind the Madeleine, that Hitler would last ten years, That was in August 1934.

His "World In Trance" I repeatedly recommended in these pages last year. Duff-Cooper in a review in Britain has since called it the most important book on European affairs to appear in the past ten years, and Mr. Churchill has declared that every world statesman should read it. From this work dealing with the mistakes which we made in handling Germany last time Schwarzschild has gone on in his new "Primer Of The Coming World" to a wise and cautious appraisal of how much peace we can expect to organize this time.

Tosevic (pronounced "Tosevitch") is a 37-year-old Yugoslav journalist who lived long in Czechoslovakia and made a brilliant start with books on that country, on Turkey and others, before the Gestapo chased him from Czechoslovakia to Poland, from Poland back to his own country, from there to Turkey, and from Turkey, on Papen's special intervention, by a long route to Canada. He has lived in Toronto for the past three years, and I have come to respect him as an indomitable fighter for freedom, and an untiring champion of the democratic ideals of T. G. Masaryk. He needs no better credentials than that.

Kessel I first saw on a pier in New York last January, to find him an hour later in the adjoining bunk in a crowded cabin of a famous super-liner. He took my eye at once as a character, with his great shaggy head and heavy face, and when I found out who he was and what he had been doing, I wondered how he could have evaded the German police in three years of underground work in France. We had some long conversations on his experiences, and on the state of feeling inside France, but not as many as I wished when I read his exceptional and beautiful book, "Army of Shadows".

Pan-Germanism Deep-rooted

In "Not Nazis But Germans" Tosevic argues passionately that we are faced in Hitler's war not with any unique aggression by the worst part of the German nation but with the logical development of three generations of pan-German philosophy and education. He won't meet as much argument on that subject as he might have even a year or so ago, when Stalin was still carefully distinguishing between "Hitlerite Germans" and the rest. Yet it is something that needs constant emphasis as we approach the peace settlement. We are dealing with something very deep-rooted in the German nation.

Early in the book the author displays the plan of the pan-German Hartmann, dated 1889, and looking amazingly like Hitler's plan of 50 years and two wars later. Then, as now, the Germans had their eyes on the Ukraine, and talked of pushing Russia back into Asia where she belonged. Just as 50 years later, the Germans were saying then that France was rotten, and the British had no army.

At this time, and earlier, the rabid Prussian philosopher Treitschke was preaching in his lectures at the University of Berlin that "war is the highest expression of the human spirit." The German destiny was to be "conquerors, teachers and tamers" of the Slavs, who could not live without German leadership. It is when he deals with this pretension of a "higher" German civilization that Tosevic is at his best, and quite devastating, reminding them that the Chinese, the Greeks, the Hebrews, and the Romans had, after all, made some considerable progress in civilization a long time before.

While we have before us the proofs of the ghastly atrocities at Lublin, which can quite rightly be blamed on the Nazis, it is valuable to be reminded by Tosevic that Von Rundstedt, the very epitome of the Prussian caste general, urged at a meeting of the Imperial War Academy in Berlin during the war that "the destruction of neighboring peoples and their riches is indispensable to our victory. One of the great mistakes of 1918 was to spare the civilian life of the enemy countries, for it is necessary for us Germans to be always at least double the number of the peoples of adjoining countries. We are therefore obliged to destroy at least a third of their inhabitants." *The only difference is that the Prussian Rundstedt thought that "organized underfeeding" was "in this case better than machine-guns."*

There is a great deal more than this in "Not Nazis But Germans", and it is not always smooth going. Yet this man from the spot has much that is interesting and valuable to say about pan-Slavism, which he argues does not constitute a threat because the Slav peoples are divided and have different traditions and ideals. About Russia's aims ("whether she will keep the wide and deep sympathy of the world depends on the activities of the international communists" about "the great nations and the small" of Eastern Europe,

Kessel's "Army of Shadows" has been briefly reviewed already in SATURDAY NIGHT. I am not going to give excerpts from it, because I wouldn't know where to stop. Let me just say that, to my mind, it is the most beautiful, most inspiring and best-written story to come out of occupied Europe during the war.

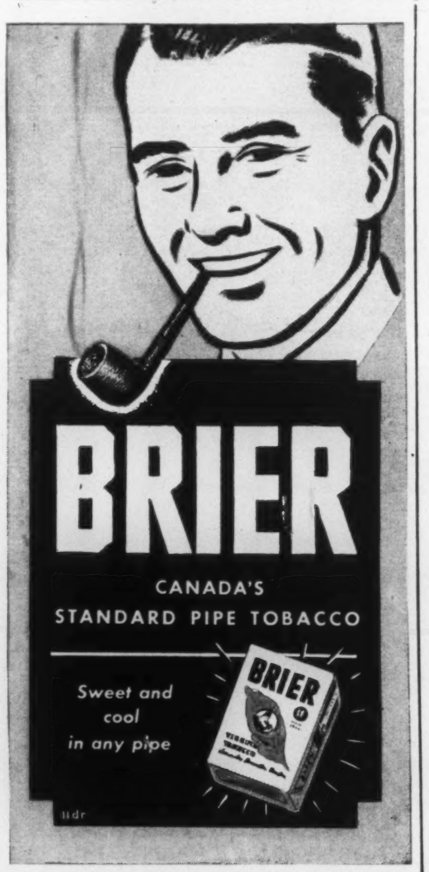
And timely. Let anyone who wants to know what is France today, what the war has done to the French spirit, and what are the prospects of French recovery, get this book. He will not easily lay it down until it is finished (it is a highly distilled work of only 160 pages), and he will feel much better afterwards about the prospects of the human race.

Schwarzchild Not So Sure

"Over the short term", I am sure Schwarzschild would hasten to qualify. For he begins his own carefully-distilled work on peace prospects by reminding us that the material out of which the "new world" must be built is "the old Adam", and argues convincingly that man's instincts and morals have shown no distinct and progressive improvement over the span of recorded history.

They move only within minimum and optimum limits. The reason why such high and idealistic hopes were held for permanent peace under a League of Nations in 1919, was that as a result of the 19th Century liberalism we were hovering at the optimum limit at the time of the last war.

But a great Chinese statesman, Hsiang Hsue, launched a League of Nations 2464 years ago. For this he was rewarded with the gift of 66 cities—just as Wilson had boulevards named after him in as many cities



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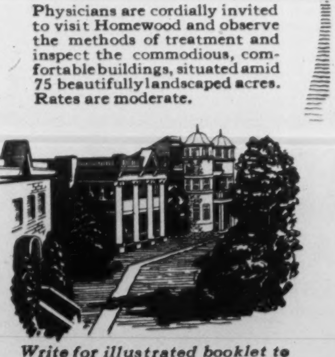

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in 1919. Hsiang's best friend tore the deed to shreds, exclaiming that the scheme was a fraud. "No offense could be worse than to lead the states astray with such nonsense. You ought to be glad that you have not been punished; why should you be rewarded?" Ten years later this first recorded League of Nations lay in ruins. It is useful to read history when planning to remake the world.

But is it discouraging to be reminded that the Ten Commandments were the accepted code of ethics in the days of the Old Testament, just as they are today, and that men broke or kept these moral rules then as now? Or that long, long ago Aristotle found that "the cause of the ruin of democracies is the credulity of the people when faced with the insolence of demagogues who flatter and mislead the multitude."

With these reminders the author considers how far we can *reasonably* expect to improve international relations today. Putting aside delusions that human nature is better today than it ever was, and is going on up and up. *what can be made of the real human raw material, such as it is, and always has been?* "It is perhaps possible to shape something better out of this material even though its old characteristics are still the same."

Purge of Leaders Futile

But the states, composed of Old Adams, are still led by Old Adams. Relations among them are not very different from what they have always been. Nor is this because the statesmen belong to some rotten old class, the old school ties of an oligarchy, or aristocracy, or bourgeoisie. The theory that a purge of these would fix everything up has often been tried, and as often failed. After all—my interpolation—did not Napoleon come from "the people", and Stalin, and Ramsay MacDonald?

Though some nations have tried to raise the standard of their international ethics, the rule still holds that one pike in the carp pond forces on all states the ethics of the pike. "Moralistic approaches and expectations in international politics have always ended in disappointments."

The reason for this is extremely simple. The situation in which morality is forced on individual citizens, they being unarmed and the state being all-powerful, is exactly reversed in international relations. There the individual states are armed to the teeth, and there is no restraining power over them whatsoever.

Now you may think that Schwarzschild is going to propose the simple solution of a world state. This is "the logical and consistent idea: to have a world state, with one territory, one government, one army, one law." But people refuse to be logical. People simply do not want a world state. They resist when a Napoleon or a Hitler tries to force it on them, and they shrink from establishing it by consent. It has no prospect of being accepted—at least in the settlement of tomorrow.

So we are left at the outset with the much weaker alternative of seeking our goal of peace through the co-operation of a number of independent states, who will act as "guardians." Here he finds that popular instinct, which looks to the "Big Three", or with China, the "Big Four", or with a regenerated France, even the "Big Five", is quite sound. "Everything will actually depend on the big powers—and however small powers are incorporated into the super-authority will not make any considerable difference."

Among the many illusions of 1919, he believes, was the one about the small states. Wilson considered that one of the strongest features of his League of Nations was the fact that the small states would have the same voting right as the big ones. He considered them a weight on the side of the good.

But small states, like small men, are neither nobler, nor less noble, than big ones. Nor do little ocelots coalesce into an independent pack capable of measuring itself against a lion. "Some of the ocelots range themselves behind those lions which they have chosen as their protector; others disappear into the caves of non-commitment. In Geneva, when weighty resolutions were to be taken, the smaller states never independently and unitedly defended a thesis."

So the first and most portentous question is not how many, and which, small states should be on the world council, but *whether the leading members can remain in agreement after the war which brought them together has ended by removing the common menace.* And here he finds that in recent centuries there has been no exception to the rule that countries united in a war coalition quickly lose their harmony once the war is over.

"With the Allies of 1918 this harmony lasted less than a year. The Allies of 1815 were so disunited after seven years that they even recognized the fact officially." Prussia and Austria together made war on Denmark in 1864. Two years later they fought each other. France and America, allies of 1775, had drifted apart by the time France wanted help in 1793.

Nor does ideology play such an important part in holding coalitions together as is popularly supposed. The American republicans were closely united with the Bourbon autocracy; they completely disassociated themselves from the French Republic; and once again made common cause with the Napoleonic monarchy and dictatorship. That is a hard lesson to publish in the U.S.A. Mr. Schwarzschild is not seeking popularity.

Is there any method of reliably cementing the unity of the big Allied powers this time? "Certainly there is! But it is like a red-hot iron—no one will willingly grasp it." The military power of the United States, the British Commonwealth and Soviet Russia would have to be taken away from them and cartellized into one single military machine controlled by the super-authority. "Then, and only then, can we reasonably expect that a common policy will be formulated on every occasion, and that the resolutions taken will always be carried out."

But there is no prospect of the big powers doing this. So we come to a very, very much weaker solution, the international police force. There are a great many popular illusions about this. Actually "it presents no solution of the great problem. . . It would be a handy instrument for the great powers to use against others, but it would not in the least change the military situation among these mammoths themselves."

They keep their own forces, and only lend a few regiments or air squadrons to the "police force." "It will be *a practical instrument if the world council functions, but not an instrument which can make this council function.*"

That brings us up to Dumbarton Oaks, where just such an international police force has been formulated. If you've found Schwarzschild sound thus far, why not get the book and read him through on Anti-War Panaceas, his solution for the German question, and his view of Russian war aims and Stalin's policy. It will spare you a lot of false hopes.

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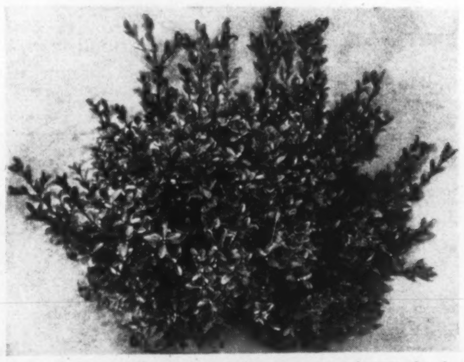

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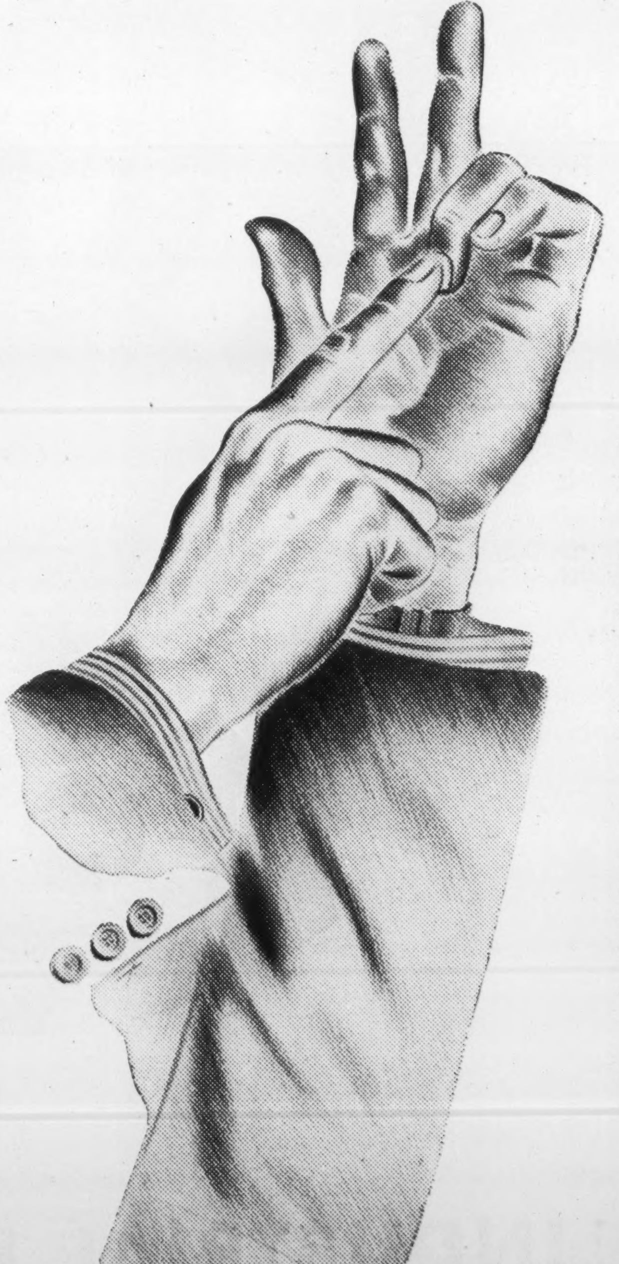

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Radio Drama Suffers From Lack of Early Training Opportunities

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

IN OUR mail recently there have been several stern complaints regarding (a) the quality of Canadian dramatic productions on the air; (b) the lack of opportunity for Canadian script writers and actors; (c) the dearth of adequate training facilities for those who wish to enter radio as a career.

In an effort to find some of the answers to these complaints I asked Andrew Allan, supervisor of drama for the CBC: "Is it true that Canadian playwrights are ignored when scripts are being sought by the CBC?"

This is what he said: "Between October, 1943, and September, 1944, the CBC Trans-Canada and Dominion networks presented on a sustaining basis 193 plays in English written by 71 Canadian authors who received about $15,000. for their works, an average of $211.00 each. Of the 226 dramas on the two networks in the past 12 months only 33 were by other than Canadian authors. Exclusive of sponsored programs, over 85 percent of the CBC's sustaining dramatic shows during the past year on its two English networks were the work of Canadian authors. On the CBC Trans-Canada network the figure was 92 percent."

I don't think that private radio in Canada can produce as good a record.

Andrew Allan has always been a champion of Canadian talent. His "Stage 44" productions were all written by Canadian playwrights. His "Stage 45"—the new series which began last Sunday, from Toronto to the Trans-Canada network—will follow the same procedure. The introductory script, entitled "Memo to a Listener", was by Bernard Braden. Second play will be a revival of "They're All Afraid" by Len Peterson, which last spring won the University of Ohio's award for the best entry in their Annual Exhibit of Education Radio Programs, and is being used today by the University of Wisconsin as a model of good radio drama. The third play will be "The Lucky Devil" by Joseph Schull, (now in the navy) who recently published in Canada "I, Jones, Soldier."

Allan debunks the complaint that no scripts are ever accepted from small communities. It isn't always the "city folk" who get the breaks. A play recently purchased by the CBC was written by Richard Morenus of Sioux Lookout, and every province except P.E.I. has produced scriptwriters.

According to Allan, the plays written by Canadians are up to the standard of many American scripts. He states that Harry Boyle of the CBC's Farm Broadcast who last year wrote "Strike" and this year "Lay-off" has written two scripts that rank with the finest. He also had high words of praise for such writers as Bernard Braden of Toronto, Ray Darby of Winnipeg, Jeff Hurley (who hasn't written so much for radio since he went to the National Film Board), Fletcher Markle, now in the R.C.A.F., Len Peterson, Gerald Noxon of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Archie McCorkingdale of Vancouver, and others.

WE LOOKED over our Canadian actors. Are they good? Do they compare favorably with our cousins to the South? Of course they do. This isn't entirely our own selection—the names were suggested by producers who know what these people can do. They include: Grace Webster, Bernard Braden, Jane Mallett, John Drainie, Grace Matthews, Tom Tweed, Budd Knapp, Frank Peddie, Earl Grey, Isobel Price (and several others) in Toronto; Eleanor Stewart of Montreal; Beth Lockerbie and George Waite of Winnipeg; Ruby Chamberlain (no relation), Frank Vyvyan and E. V. Young of Vancouver.

Tribute should also be paid to producers such as Rupert Caplan of Montreal and Esse Ljungh of Winnipeg. And might we remind those who say "If it's Canadian it can't be any good" that Rupert Lucas, former Canadian radio producer, director and actor, is considered in New York to be one of their best "finds" in many years, and is now director-editor of "March of Time."

HOW does one get to be a radio writer, producer or actor? Many of the people in radio today got there via the Little Theatre movement.

Betty Mitchell of Calgary, teacher of drama in a high school there, recently returned from an eighteen months' sojourn in the U.S.A., where on a Guggenheim and Rockefeller fellowship she completed her degree in drama at a university and later went on a travelling fellowship clear across the U.S. inspecting community and university theatres. She reported that they were flourishing. Community theatre projects are doing well. She was most excited about the university theatre movement, where young people who wished to make the theatre their profession received adequate and up to date training. Is there a chair of Drama in any Canadian University?

Miss Mitchell declared it was impossible for the Community Theatre movement to grow in Canada until we had trained staffs to operate such theatres. Where in Canada can young people learn how to become radio producers, sound technicians, radio actors? Have we any Radio Workshops in our high schools or Universities?

Wait a minute! A letter received this very moment says: "Those interested in Radio Broadcasting will be glad to hear that the Toronto Board of Education has announced a General Introductory Course in Radio Broadcasting to be given in the Central Technical School, two evenings a week during the winter season. This is the first time such a course has been offered in Canada and thus should be of interest to many people. The outline consists of lectures and practical work in all phases of Radio Broadcasting, as—Announcing, Acting, News, Music, Control Room Technique, Script Writing, Sound Effects, and Radio Electronics."

Eureka! There it is—at long last.

RADIO isn't a "hobby" any more. It is one of the top ranking businesses of the world. Young people have a right to want to enter that field. They have a right to ask for training so they may enter the field well equipped. Must they travel across the border for the rest of their lives? The difficulty is—once they go over there to learn—do they come back to Canada—or do we lose them forever?

Three Canadians (in addition to Miss Mitchell) recently visited the U.S.A. under scholarships, to take training in radio and television at New York University Summer Radio Workshop. One was Miss Rowena Hawkins, producer of scripts for the CBC "Adventures in Modern Living"—a programme sent into Saskatchewan schools. The other two students were men from Antigonish, N.S., one a priest from the English Department of St. Francis Xavier University; the other — the first scholarship holder along this line under the Ottawa Rehabilitation scheme.

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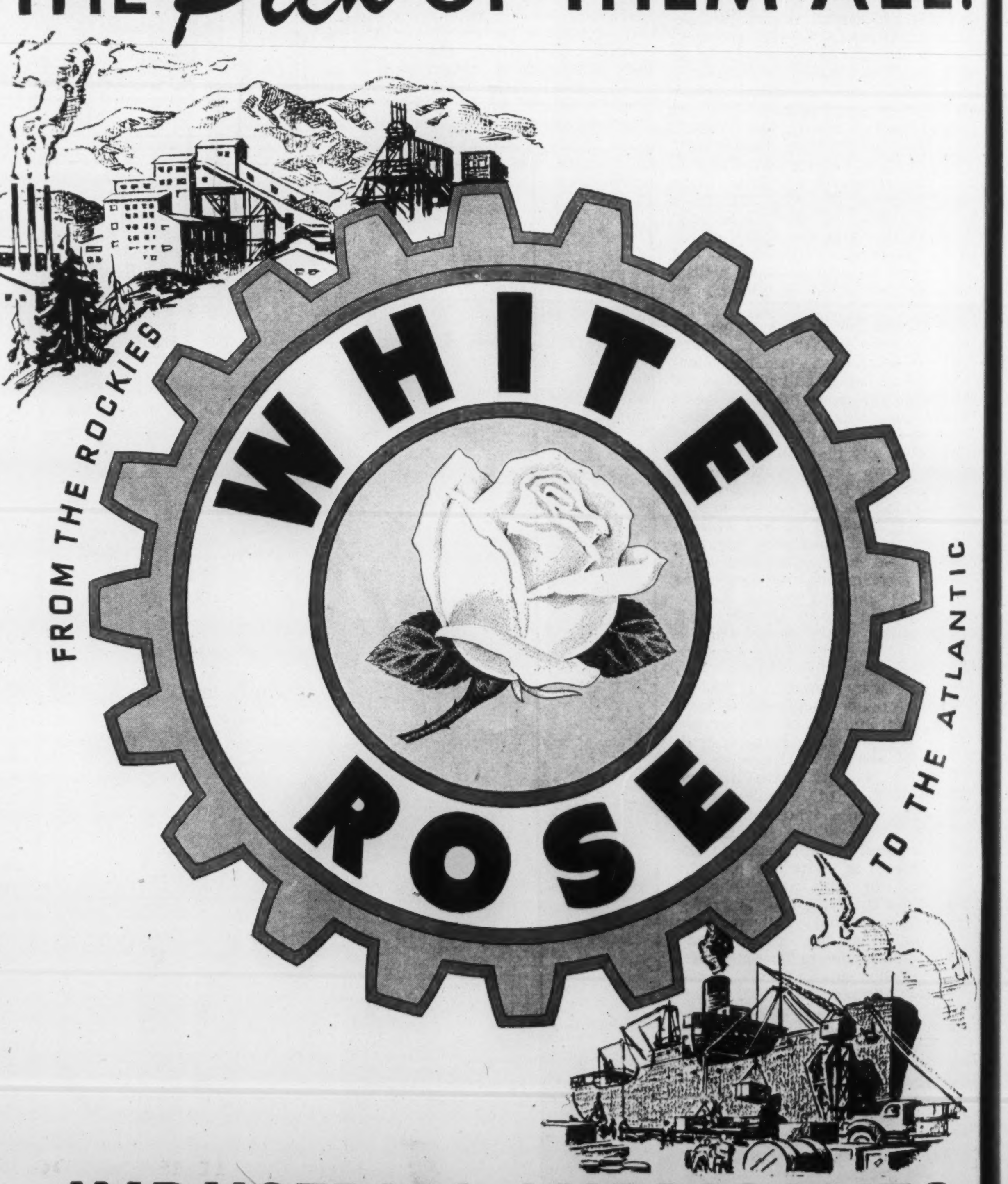

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THE BOOKSHELF

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Incomparable Anatole, Novelist Poet and Stern Iconoclast

ANATOLE FRANCE, a Life Without Illusions, by Jacob Axelrad. (Musson, $5.00.)

IF A man's work be so rich and fine as to satisfy the most critical taste people generally expect the man himself to be of like stature. The public standards of personal excellence have to do with truth and honor, courage and courtesy. Yet for some obscure reason an artist of supreme gifts, in any country, may be lacking in one or other of the virtues; even in all. It seems that the supreme egotism necessary for a great painter, writer or musician, if he is to command the notice of his generation, may stifle and even overwhelm the qualities necessary for what we call decent living in a social world. That is to say, a capacity for exalted thinking and for precise, vivid and emotional expression is not necessarily a proof of personal worthiness.

For that reason, sometimes, the life-story of an artist may tend, unconsciously, to turn the mind of the reader away from the wonder of his work. Jacques Anatole Thibault, known to the world as Anatole France, son of a bookseller, and grandson of a peasant who became a soldier of the Royal Guard, was a dreamer from childhood. In school he had no diligence whatever. If there were 22 in the class he was likely to be at the foot. The fierce, possessive affection of his mother could not stir him to energy. The rebukes of his father had no effect, and he came to adolescence with neither skill nor ambition enough to try either a trade or a profession.

His one passion was reading, eternally reading, until the classics, ancient and comparatively modern, were as familiar as his breath. He was obsessed by beauty, in the lights and shadows of Paris, in the commonplaces of every day, in pictures, in music, in poetry. And soon he was writing poems of his own which won a casual, but not unfriendly, glance from editors and critics of the time.

But still he was a dependent on his parents, even after he got a newspaper job of sorts (which lasted three weeks) and while he was contributing ill-paid poems and articles to various publications. Came 1870 and he was drafted; as indifferent a soldier as a civilian. He escaped to the country before the siege of Paris but returned after the Commune. And then came an event. He was received and praised and encouraged by the author of *Madame Bovary*, and also Taine said that he had talent. So he progressed, sometimes forward, sometimes backwards like the crab.

Then he wrote *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, so graceful in its irony that he became a minor celebrity, despite his stuttering shyness, and his complete *gaucherie*. He married, and in time walked-out on his wife to become the kept man of an Egeria of diligence, taste and ambition. She trained him, intrigued for him, drove him, until by a succession of powerful sardonic tales, he came to such eminence that he was elected a member of the Academie. In due time he was recognized at home and abroad as the most accomplished French writer of his time, presenting, in everything he wrote, the philosophy of negation, even as Voltaire in his day.

The work of the biographer has been uncommonly well done, although Mr. Axelrad perpetually has the sun in his eyes and is somewhat dazzled by its splendor. The fact that France at last became an active Socialist and a Dreyfusard, piles merit upon merit. But this very enthusiasm adds to the stature of the book which is spirited, authoritative and gracefully written.

•

Cheers for a Lady

SATURDAY NIGHT congratulates a valued contributor and friend, Gwethelyn Graham of Toronto, whose novel *Earth and High Heaven* is the Literary Guild's book choice for October. The novel, in condensed form, ran as a serial in *Collier's*, and was published on October 4. Moving picture rights have been sold to R.K.O. for $100,000.

•

Killing with a Pen

THE HITLERIAD by A. M. Klein. (New Directions, $1.25.)

THE pinchbeck Caesar who thought to bestride the earth like a colossus is more than infamous; he has become contemptible, and even comic in the midst of tragedy. In this extended poem which starts in parody of Milton and goes on to evoke memories of the "Dunciad" Mr. Klein produces an extraordinary piece of vituperation and ridicule, for he has talent in the use of assonance and rhythm. But at this time projectiles rather than words are the more likely to abate this inhuman nuisance and cool the ardor of his foolish supporters.

•

American Hero

ONE MAN'S WAR by Charles E. Kelly, as told to Pete Martin. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

FOR gallantry in action beyond the normal demands of duty Sgt. Charles E. Kelly of Pittsburgh wears the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Silver Star, the only American soldier to win both. When he was flown home from Italy for a rest Pittsburgh blew its roof off. The poor lad was wading chin-deep in both organized and spontaneous adulation, and the going surely was sticky. He would have preferred sitting with "Mom" and his eight brothers in the little house on the wrong side of the tracks, or shooting a game of pool in the Young Men's Republican Club of his Ward. But he was a public man now and had to be public, which was tough.

There was a continuous demand for him to tell what he did, so he told one man, a newspaper chap named Pete Martin, and let it go at that. Pete assembled the story, organized it and told it in Kelly's manner and vocabulary. Here it is, as lively and as vivid a bit of war-reporting as anyone has written.

"That line which for Gabriel's trumpet waits
Will stand three deep that day
From Jehosaphat to the golden gates,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."

•

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

"BULLETS For the Bridegroom" (Macmillans, $2.25) is the third mystery story of David Dodge's that we have come across. The others were "Death and Taxes" and "Shear the Black Sheep"; and we are sorry to report that it is considerably inferior to either of them. The scene is Reno, and we meet again our old friends Whit, the tax expert turned amateur detective and his wife, Kitty. There is excitement enough, too, and we probably would speak more highly of this book if we did not remember the considerably better brace that Mr. Dodge has already given us. . . Some of the same criticism might be applied to "Till Death Do Us Part" (Musson, $2.50) by John Dickson Carr for this proves to be one of the feebler of the Dr. Gideon Fell efforts. But Mr. Carr always writes vigorously. . . "The Dark Page" (Collins, $2.50) presents us with a new author in Samuel Michael Fuller. It concerns murders by a newspaper editor. There is no mystery, for the reader is made privy to the crimes as they occur. What excitement there is in solving them is provided by the star reporter who is also an admirable detective. Its chief weakness is the unreality, at least to Canadians, of the newspaper characters involved.

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3. Essays submitted must not exceed 3,000 words in length and are to be typed, double-spaced, on one side only of sheets of paper 8½ x 11 inches.

4. Manuscripts of essays are to be mailed, unfolded, to reach the office of the publishers not later than December 1, 1944.

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2 ripe apples
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1 small orange
¾ to 1 cupful of sugar

Wash and core the apples and put, with the cranberries, through the food chopper. Add the grated rind and juice of the orange then stir in the sugar. Let stand in a cool place for several hours.

Make a plain biscuit dough, and roll out to ¾-inch thickness. Shape in one large round, bake in a hot oven (425 to 450 deg. Fahr.). Split, butter and serve hot with the cranberry mixture between and on top.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Voyage Out of Murmansk: Russian Girls Unversed in Cynicism

By CAPTAIN F. S. SLOCOMBE, M.B.E.

"BUT Nina," I argued, "men are the same in Russia as anywhere else. If marriage and divorce are so easy what is to prevent a man from changing his wife as soon as he tires of her? If a man is so inclined he may take a dozen wives, one after the other."

"Oh! He couldn't do that. It would not be right."

"Come now, Nina," I said scoffingly. "You can't tell me that all men and women in the Soviet Union are imbued with high ideals and consistently live up to them. There must be thousands who would act as I suggest."

"No! No!" said she fiercely. "They couldn't do it. Everybody would know."

"You mean that the force of public opinion would be strong enough to deter them?"

"Yes, of course. That is what I was trying to say."

"Well, tell me this, Nina. You had a wide circle of friends in Moscow, didn't you?"

"Oh! Yes. Many, many friends!"

"How many persons did you know who had been divorced?"

Nina hesitated a moment, her usually smooth brow wrinkled in thought. Then—"I don't think—at this moment I cannot remember any. Oh! Yes. There was one—", and her face broke into a smile at the recollection. "That was a strange—what do you call it?—situation. The divorced couple lived in apartments next-door after they were divorced, and often had breakfast together."

"But that was the only one you knew?"

"Yes,—" Then she jumped. "Oh! what is that?"

"That" was the strident action-stations alarm-bell. We hadn't heard the abominable thing in several days, and as we were off the North Coast of Iceland and supposed to be under the protection of our own patrol planes we had thought we were comparatively safe.

"There's probably a submarine about," I said. "You'd better join the other girls and get your lifebelts on." And I went up on the bridge to see what was happening.

We were passengers on a United States freighter returning from Murmansk, and as I reached the bridge the American Skipper was buckling on a huge army colt pistol which he always wore when Jerry was around.

"What's up, Cap'n?" I said.

"Surface raiders!" he snapped back. "They've just shot the bridge off the—. Look! There goes another,—and another."

The convoy was strung out in two columns and the weather was misty, so that the leading ships were invisible to us. But we could see flashes of gunfire ahead and ships of the convoy were certainly exploding one after the other, although we couldn't see what was doing it.

We seemed to be walking right into a mighty hot spot, and if it was surface raiders the obvious thing to do was scatter, so—"Hard left!" yelled the Skipper and by dint of some fancy manoeuvring he turned the ship around and we headed back the way we had come.

Quiet During Danger

Later on, as we left the sound of explosions behind, I slipped down below for a cup of coffee. When I entered the dining-room a battery of eight pairs of troubled eyes swung toward me, and Tassia said quietly, —"What is it, Captain Slocombe?" So, trusting that the grin which I mustered up didn't look as sickly as it felt, I said: "There's something about. We don't know what it is. We're getting away from it, anyhow, and are running back to a place along the shore here."

"Are we in danger now?"

"Oh! Yes," I replied, for these girls didn't require babying. "But we've been in danger all the time. It's no worse now. Just make yourselves comfortable, and keep your lifebelts handy."

Their faces cleared a little, and I was struck again by the dignity of these youngsters, their lack of hysteria. They had been asked to stay there in case of attack, so in spite of what must have been an almost irresistible temptation to rush out on deck, there they were, awaiting further instructions.

I remember the ripple of interest which went around the dining-room of the Artica Hotel in Murmansk when we first saw the girls. We were waiting for passage home after handing over the Canadian icebreaker to the Soviet Government and were quartered in the hotel with dozens of other sailors, survivors of sinkings—this was in 1942. My officers and I, ten of us, had a table to ourselves, and the juniors kept things lively. If the sirens went while we were eating we just took no notice. There was no shelter for us to go to, so we were as safe there as anywhere else. If the barking of the guns told us the raiders were almost overhead we'd get up from the table and crouch against the wall away from the windows until they passed, then we'd finish our meal.

On this particular day I heard the Third Engineer, a young Scot who had been picked up wounded on the beach at Dunkirk, murmur—"Oh! Oh!" When I looked up I saw the girls filing through into a side dining-room.

We had watched with interest the women of Murmansk emerge from their shapeless bundles of winter clothing as the Spring sun turned the streets to running water, but it could be seen at a glance that these girls were from a different mould. We found later that they were from the University of Moscow and were bound for the U.S.A. to work in the Soviet Embassy. They had been bombed out of one ship in the harbor and were now awaiting the next convoy, just as we were.

I didn't meet the girls during the remaining weeks in Murmansk before the hotel was struck; but as luck would have it when I was placed on a ship for passage home they were given accommodation on the same ship. We were five weeks together on the way to New York, so I got to know them rather well. And to know them was to admire them.

Variety of Types

Here were excellent examples of Soviet youth. They ranged in age from 19 to 26, and I suppose that if you took any eight Canadian university girls of comparable age you'd find the same types.

Tassia, the oldest, was a sturdily-built girl, statuesque of mien, quiet and reserved; a woman of character. Nina, a good-looking blonde with heavy golden braids coiled around her head, was always the perfect lady, careful of her speech and her person. Another Nina, generally referred to affectionately as "Ninitchka,"—little Nina—was of a type whose appearance is difficult to remember; but a sweeter, gentler disposition it would be difficult to find, and I noticed that the others would often refer to her for some forgotten item of study.

Then there was tomboyish Zena, bouncing around noisily and enjoying every minute. If Zena could be brought to rest long enough to answer a leading question her black eyes would shine and she'd let loose a fluent stream of Marxian doctrine. I'm tempted for the sake of the alliteration to call her the Zealot, but I don't think there was very much thought behind her outpourings.

And so on, down to the youngest, Vera, who had been a teacher of dancing. Vera was pretty and slim, proud of her shapely limbs and mischievously conscious of the cataclysmic effect on the emotions of that woman-famished crew as she would pause momentarily at the top of the bridge ladder.

So the girls soon settled down into the routine of ship-board life, devoting most of their efforts to improving their English. They had never left Russia before but they had an excellent command of English, which they were anxious to practise on me. They seemed to be able to understand my peculiar accent—which I suppose might be termed slightly Canadianized Welsh—rather well, and it gradually devolved upon me to assume the role of interpreter, to paraphrase for them expressions which they didn't understand. This was quite a responsibility and often taxed my ingenuity to the utmost, for I knew

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Brown sugar
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½ cup raisins

Mix, sift first three ingredients. Cut in shortening, until mixed. Add milk to make smooth dough. Knead ½ minute on lightly floured board; roll dough into ¼-inch thick oblong. Sprinkle with brown sugar, cinnamon, raisins. Roll lengthwise; cut into 1-inch slices. Bake cut side down in greased muffin pans or pie pan in hot oven (450°F.) 15 minutes. Makes 10.

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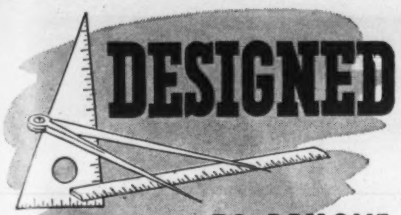

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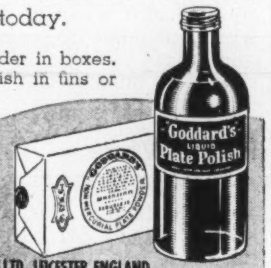
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no Russian. And they were insistent that they didn't want to learn any slang.

After the scare mentioned early in this article we were anchored in an Icelandic harbor and a number of young U.S. Naval officers came aboard to meet the girls. I felt like an old fogey among these dashing young blades, and I didn't want to interfere with the young people's evident enjoyment of each other, so I kept discreetly out of the way; but I couldn't help being in on this conversation:

"Gee! Girlie. You look awful straight at a feller!"

"Is that not good? I am being not polite?"

"Yeah! Sure you're polite. But if you look at the guys in N'York like that they'll think you're trying to hook 'em."

"Trying to—hook—?" said she doubtfully.

"Sure! They'll figure you're making a play for them."

"Making a play—" She shook her head in bewilderment. Then as he floundered ever more deeply into a quagmire of slang expressions she turned to me enquiringly.

Now I had seen her reading "Vanity Fair", and I knew by this time the kind of language she understood, so—feeling as if I should be twirling a handlebar moustache the while—I said, "He means that the men will think you are inviting their amorous attentions."

But I wasn't prepared for the result. As she got the full implication she looked horrified, and the color swept up over her face like a tide.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Now I shall be afraid to look at anybody when I speak."

To me this was sheer vandalism, for that directness of gaze so characteristic of these girls was one of their chief charms, so I hurriedly said, "He's just teasing you—don't believe him." Then I slipped away.

Now I was anxious to establish in my own mind the truth or otherwise of the reports concerning free love in Russia, and the resultant collapse of family life, and so on. So as opportunity presented itself I resumed the interrupted conversation concerning marriage customs.

"Nina, you told me the other day that you knew only one divorced couple. Am I right in thinking that the ideal is to have just one wife or one husband for all of one's life?"

"Oh! Yes. Everyone knows that is better. Especially when there are children."

Homesick for Family

There was no doubt about these girls' attachment to their families. I noticed one day that one of them had been weeping, and I found that she was just homesick for her father and mother.

"Well, tell me this, Nina—" (I was stepping timidly here, but the only way to get a direct answer was by a direct question.) "Suppose a girl who is not married has a child—is it a disgrace?"

"Of course!" said she in a shocked tone. And that seemed to dispose of that!

It will be understood that my conversations were usually with two or three of the girls at the same time. There was a wooden bench out on deck abaft the cabin, and they would sometimes put on their overcoats and sit there. They might have to help each other with English phrases, but they spoke extremely well. In fact, I was very often on the defensive. They would be stumbling and halting because of the difficulty of using a foreign language, while I—I'm ashamed to admit it!—I was often lame not for lack of words but of arguments.

One day one of the girls—it may have been Ada or Lima or one of the others—said; "Oh! But your capitalistic system is not good. For instance, when you were at the hotel in Murmansk we noticed that you and your officers sat at one table while the men of the crew sat at another. And here on this ship the crew cannot come in and listen to the radio in the officers' dining saloon."

This was direct attack.

"Well," I returned, "there are reasons for that. There must be discipline on a ship and we don't consider it is good for discipline if the officers mix with the men. The saloon is part of the officers' quarters and if the men were allowed in there it could be crowded all the time. Besides, I don't think the men would want it that way. They would soon resent it if the officers went loitering around the forecastle."

Admitted Didn't Like It

They shook their heads doubtfully.

"Another thing!" I said, feeling that I was fighting a losing battle. "I was on good terms with my crew—I respected their rights and they respected mine—but I'm sure they would have been uncomfortable eating with the officers and myself. After all, although perhaps it is not always so, the conversation at the officers' table *should* be of a higher type than that at the crew's table. *You* wouldn't want to eat with the women who were clearing the drains outside the Artica, would you?"

"We did it!" they shot back at me in chorus. Then, native honesty reasserting itself, one of them said quietly: "But we didn't like it."

We all laughed at this; but they hadn't finished with me yet. One of them returned to the attack with a deadly shaft:

"Then that business about the colored men! That is terrible. In the Soviet Union it is not allowed to make any difference on account of race, or creed, or class. Besides, I find young David a very interesting man to talk to."

This floored me. David was a handsome young colored chap, one of the assistant stewards. At the beginning of the trip the girls had been told that they could go anywhere on board, so long as they kept away from the crew's quarters. They had done this; but the cooks and stewards, who were colored men, were naturally around the cabin all the time. The girls would talk to them and they would sit down in the saloon and chat while the girls were eating. Such evidence of familiarity was soon noticed by the while sailors and firemen, and there began to be murmurings and threatenings of violence if the "dam' niggers" didn't keep away from the girls.

When this came to the Skipper's ears he was quite worried. He couldn't attend to the matter himself at the time so he asked me if I would explain the situation to the girls and ask them to be more careful.

I knew this would be difficult, but I could only try, so I broached the subject when the girls were all together. They understood my words, but couldn't see the point at all at first, until I said: "You see, this ship belongs to the Southern States—."

Light suddenly broke upon Zena, and she burst into excited Russian. Then they all got it, and what sounded like an indignation meeting went on for a few minutes. I believe they were genuinely shocked, and their eyes flashed fire.

At last they turned back to me, and one of them said: "Why! Captain Slocombe!"

When I left them I felt as if I were crawling on my stomach. In fact, I was extremely depressed after many of these conversations with the girls.

It's two years since these conversations took place, and as I never learned the girls' last names I have no idea what happened to them after we parted at New York. They were so sure then that they were coming to a country rather backward in all respects other than mechanics. I wonder if they found anything to modify their opinion.

And I wonder what has been their reaction to that typical retort to any suggestion of self-sacrificing service—that damnably cynical "What are you—a girl scout?"

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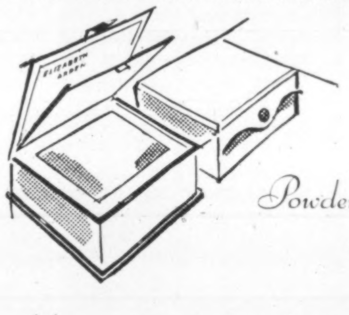

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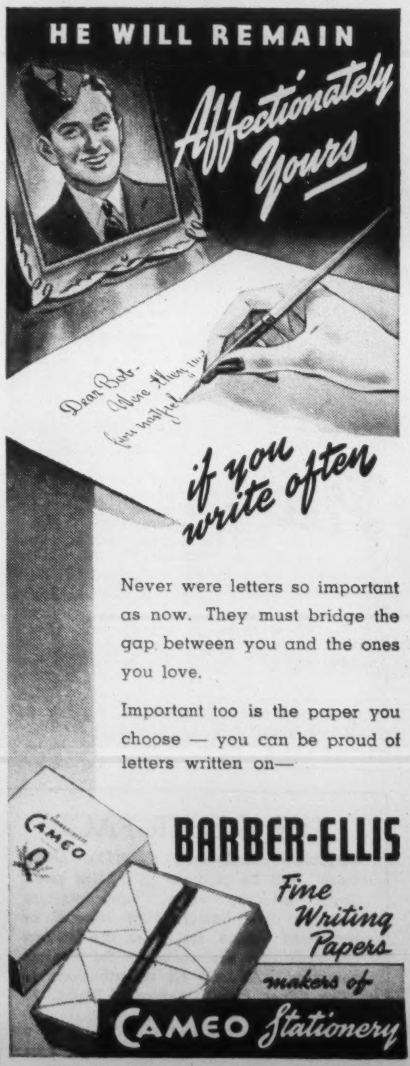

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A New Symphony by Kabalevsky: Of Portia White's Progress

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

AT LAST week's Promenade Symphony concert, the eminent conductor, Andre Kostelanetz, now a very familiar figure in Toronto, played two compositions, native to the vast and heroic land of Stalin; one, the oldest Russian composition that holds a permanent place on orchestral programs to-day; the other a recent work supposedly inspired by Soviet "ideology". The one was Glinka's overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla" which dates from 1842; the other the Second Symphony of Dmitri Kabalevsky, composed nearly a century later.

Glinka though he was a highly educated Russian nobleman, probably never heard the word "ideology". But he had an idea of his own nevertheless. He decided to create national opera, which should be as interesting and attractive as Italian opera. He made a very good start with "A Life for the Czar" and in "Russlan and Ludmilla" created an overture that after more than a century is still fresh, charming and popular in many lands. On the other hand one doubts very much if audiences in the twenty-first century will be listening to Kabalevsky's Second Symphony.

Since Russia has an immense population imbued with strong musical instincts, it follows that it has an unusual quota of creative talent, inspired by a vital and colorful melodic urge. Long before the Soviet regime it had a widely extended system of musical education which produced magnificent results. To-day it would seem that the successors of internationalists like Tchaikovsky and the great nationalists who were his contemporaries, are too much concerned with "ideology", —and perhaps also with current events. Musicians who think that their compositions should be somehow related to the events of the present war, or to the vaster subject of economic revolution, might well take warning from Beethoven. Like many other great composers he left behind him some rather banal music, with regard to which the "de mortuis" proverb is invoked. Nearly all of it related to the wars which raged in his time and was an effort to reflect popular emotion.

On Being Up to Date

Kabalevsky, whose symphony is in traditional form with three movements instead of four, is obviously a man of pleasant though not very vigorous melodic inspiration; but, according to a Russian journal "Soviet Music", (quoted at length in the program notes) he aimed at something beyond mere excellence in melody and harmonic development. His work, we are told "represents the joy of struggle and labor, of victory over hardship." The Russian commentator goes on to explain the frustrations typified in the first movement, and recurring later, until in the Finale there is "joy, pleasantry, fervor, impetuousness and temperament". "But," the chronicler assures us, "this jubilant life, this joy of victory with which it is associated, has nothing in common with complacent egotistical self-assuagement". (Here is a tip; I must watch for "egotistical self-assuagement" after this in reviewing new compositions).

Perhaps it was the word "ideology" that soured me in advance; "ideology" seems to me a word devised for undergraduates and not for mature minds. Kabalevsky strikes me as a musician capable of writing brisk, stimulating music, (as in his opera based on Romain Rolland's tale "Colas Breugnon"), who messed up his score in a self-conscious effort to prove that he is living in a disordered world,—a fact of which nobody needs any reminder. It seems to me that the weird noises he interjects should be left for composers who write interruptions for motion pictures and radio plays.

Mischa Elman, renowned violinist, appearing in recital at Eaton Auditorium Oct. 26 and 28, in the Thursday and Saturday Artist Series.

Perhaps you haven't seen a circus clown in years. But clowns and clowning have a vital function in wartime and provide relaxation for many.

Mr. Kostelanetz had wrought well to provide an honest and careful interpretation; but the general effect was hollow. The life of a musical commentator would be intolerable if conductors did not give us new music, and I am glad I heard the Kabalevsky Symphony, if only because it shows how a clever composer can go off the deep end when he entangles himself in modern ideology.

Decorated Gershwin

George Gershwin was fortunate, in that since his death he has found able composers to develop his haunting and racy melodies to a beauty and effectiveness that lay beyond his own technical powers. Robert Russall Bennett's "Symphonic Picture" on the airs of "Porgy and Bess", which Mr. Kostelanetz also played is a case in point. It has orchestral richness, variety and vividness that Gershwin longed to acquire, but for which he never found the time. Bennett is a native of Kansas City whose parents were orchestral players and obtained for himself a distinguished education. Though he has composed original works, he has made orchestration more or less the business of his life; and many a light opera composer has owed the success of a Broadway production in some degree to his assistance. Few know how to use wind instruments or handle jazz so decoratively as he. His services are valuable because he is just as much a stickler for good counterpoint as the classic composers of the 18th century. I was struck with something he wrote 12 years ago on this subject;

"Taking anything from a whistled melody or a piano sketch from its author to the lighted orchestra pit of a theatrical production demands a great many things besides theatrical training; but if I were asked what the greatest asset anyone can have in this work is, I should have to answer 'counterpoint' . . . The audience has no idea of what counterpoint is, but let it be stiff, forced or badly distributed, the general atmosphere becomes charged with an unmistakeable 'So what?'. What the public doesn't know, which is plenty, it very nearly always feels, and that applies to the good things as well as the bad".

We may be sure then that Mr. Bennett was very conscious of his counterpoint when he turned Gershwin's melodies to symphonic uses; and that is why his composition sounds so much better than the original score.

Portia White

Less than three years ago, the colored contralto, Portia White unknown outside her native Nova Scotia, made her first appearance in recital at Eaton Auditorium. It was a momentous occasion for her, because she had never before appeared in so large a city or in a recital hall identified with appearances by great singers. Her future seemed to hang on the outcome, and she made good. Last spring she paralleled this success by an appearance at Town Hall, New York, which some of her friends regarded as a hazardous experiment; and made more than good. Surprised New York critics went even farther than Canadians in heralding the beauty of her voice, and the excellence of her vocal style.

Last week Miss White came to the Proms as an artist who emphatically has "arrived". Her poise in the face of a vast audience in surroundings more like the big top of a circus than a conventional auditorium was amazing, in view of the fact that one has this very season seen singers of long experience, frightened under

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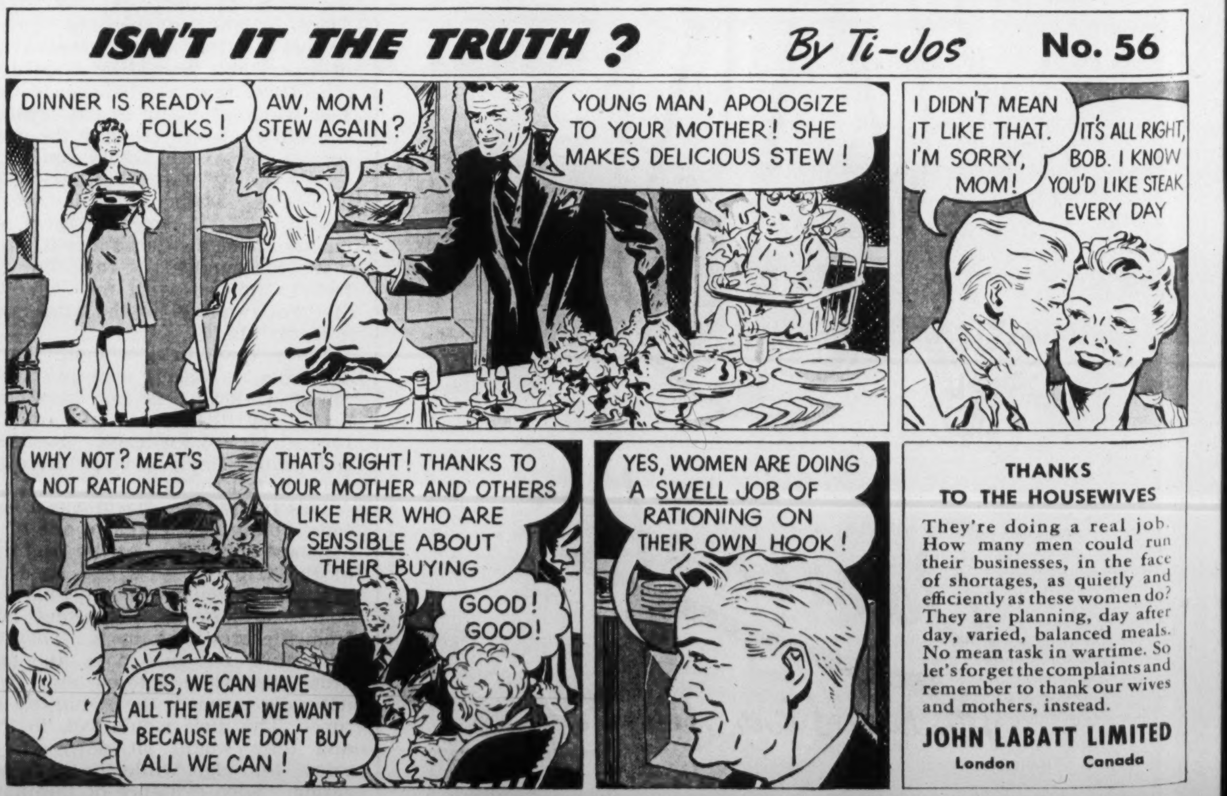
Jarmila Novotna, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera, and a native of Czechoslovakia, will be guest artist at the Promenade Symphony Concert on October 12, at Varsity Arena.



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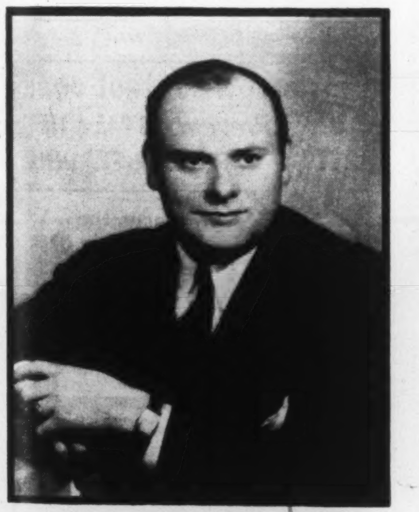
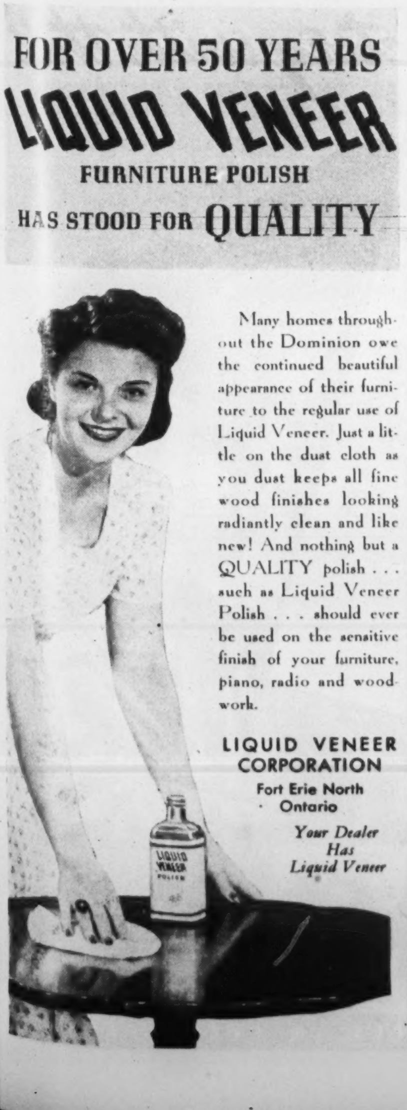
similar conditions. The perfect ease of Miss White in bearing, speech and tone production is arresting. The voice is large in timbre and range, beautiful, full and emotional and her diction and expression admirable. It is strange to witness a girl with no operatic experience singing great contralto arias like "Divinities du Styx", "O Mio Fernando" and "Amor viens aider" with the aplomb of an artist of international fame. In short lyrics like Sinding's "Sylvelin" and Grieg's "Dream" she was also memorable.

Reginald Stewart

The Washington Times-Herald recently devoted an article to the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Reginald Stewart in announcing the fact that it will make its debut at the national capital next February. It stresses the manner in which Stewart has attracted first class symphonists to his personnel, and points out that Washington is less fortunate than Baltimore where the City Council votes an annual subsidy of $50,000. The "voteless victims" of Washington can expect nothing like that from federal politicians. Mr. Stewart has engaged a wonderful group of guest artists for his subscription concerts this season, and it is interesting to note that Reginald Godden of Toronto will play Prokofiev's Third Concerto at one of the Sunday afternoon series.



Robert Weede, baritone, served as the guest artist at the Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena, on Oct. 5, Andre Kostelanetz conducting.



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FILM AND THEATRE

Inside Hollywood's China for a Look at Katharine Hepburn

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE producers of "Dragon Seed" turned a California valley into a working section of Chinese farm land and then embellished it with a group of talented Hollywood actors and actresses in slant-eyed makeup treated with a finishing coat of light sepia. They have worked hard at illusion; but they don't succeed in disposing of the feeling that what you are watching is a group of talented Hollywood players putting on an elaborate production in a California valley. The assorted accents and familiar mannerisms insist on asserting themselves, along with Miss Pearl Buck's tendency to be sonorous and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's determination to be epic. "Dragon Seed" is a large and solemn attempt to capture Chinese feeling and the Chinese predicament, but it leaves you convinced in the end that as far as the movies are concerned, Asia had better be left to the Asiatics.

Right from the start it would seem the producers of "Dragon Seed" were up against dialogue-trouble. It couldn't be solved obviously by making the characters speak American-colloquial, or even basic English. On the other hand, the decision to make them talk a sort of debased Bible-ese can hardly be said to be a happy one. All through the picture the dialogue drags like an audible brake on the action—a gratuitous handicap, since the action, fixed in the rigid formula of invasion drama, had troubles enough to begin with.

It is a relentlessly solemn film. Except in the earlier sequences of playful domesticity the characters are treated largely as symbols, representing peace, integrity, war, collaboration, patriotism—in fact all the familiar abstractions of current cinematurgy. Inevitably so much solemnity turns to absurdity in spite of itself. The scene for instance in which Jade (Katharine Hepburn) succeeds in poisoning the whole local Japanese command is meant to be high dedicated drama. But no one seems to have suspected that the notion of the Sons of Heaven laid out at wild angles after a roast duck dinner is basically a funny one.

As Jade the heroine, Katharine Hepburn is a very fancy piece of chinoiserie. Theoretically an actress is supposed to shape herself to her role as implicitly as water follows the form of the container into which it is poured. But Miss Hepburn, intelligent and positive and interesting as she is, doesn't pour easily. It's the role that has to take shape. In "Dragon Seed" she is supposed to be the rebellious wife of a young peasant farmer and later a guerrilla fighter in the hills. Actually she is more likely to remind you of the high-minded leader of the Women's Students Union. Aline MacMahon, less colorful but considerably more adaptable, makes her Chinese mother-in-law role infinitely more varied and understandable. Walter Huston's performance as Ling Tan, though competent as always, offers few surprises—actually there is very little to distinguish his Chinese peasant-patriot in "Dragon Seed" from his Norwegian physician-patriot in "Edge of Darkness". The scenery, oven-baked at a constant temperature to a delicious brown, looks good enough to eat.

It's hard to tell which is the cuter in "The Canterville Ghost"—Charles Laughton or six-year-old Margaret O'Brien. In fairness to Mr. Laughton it must be said that his conscious skittishness in his latest film is probably not his fault; for child-stars wield a terrible power over the grown-ups in their pictures. If the adults are to get any attention at all they must be either helplessly infatuated or wildly antic in the presence of their little colleagues. W. C. Fields is the only adult in Hollywood who can afford to treat child-stars with calm and brutal disregard. The rest are just childhood's slaves.

On the whole I got, if not more pleasure, at least less discomfort from Charles Laughton's performance in "The Canterville Ghost" than from Margaret O'Brien's. Little Miss O'Brien has been taught to mouth her lines right into the camera lens. Charles Laughton never does that. Occasionally too he manages to be quite funny on his own, when he is showing the family portrait gallery to a visitor, for instance, or flitting off for his regular three o'clock appointment to haunt the oriel window. On the whole however "The Canterville Ghost" is Margaret's picture. Anything Charles Laughton gets out of it he has to steal when his little co-star isn't looking.

Blackstone as a Comedian

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE Blackstone tricks—the disappearing rabbits, the dissolving knots, the vanishing watches, the little lady sawn in half, the ace of spades always on top—are all as old as magic itself. But Blackstone himself is as young as ever, in spite of the shining pink tonsure in the midst of his remarkable white hair.

He's a small man and he has the peculiar dancing vitality that small men sometimes possess. And he loves an audience, not yearningly or overweeningly, but knowingly, with an occasional touch of impudence. He likes to kid it, absently and sotto voce, because this takes the audience's attention away from his hands. And he likes kidding it anyway. His hands are worth watching, quite apart from the astonishing things he does with them. They are dancer's hands, as flexible and lively as his face. You can learn something about Blackstone by watching his hands, but they won't tell you anything about the tricks of his profession. However closely you follow you can never hope to catch up with them.

Blackstone is a comedian and the timing of his acting is even more notable than the split-second timing of his Thousand and One Acts. His comedy, which is altogether the comedy of showmanship, is endlessly unabashed, yet knows exactly where to draw the line, or drop it altogether. He turns it on the audience, on his assistants, on the volunteers who troop up to the stage whenever he summons them, on the act itself. He has a wonderful way of reflecting happily on the twinkling hips of one of his little ladies as she vanishes into the wings, and then checking the reflection, half-regretfully, in order to get on with his act. He is quite naughty and even a little wicked; but he is the soul of affability and occasionally out of sheer sympathy with bewilderment he seems to be on the point of letting the audience in on some of his secrets. But that is all part of the illusion. He's an old hand and as long as he can help it will never let you in on anything.

To realize what Blackstone is you have only to imagine what the Thousand and One Acts would be without him. The great act is Blackstone himself.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Now Is the Time for Volunteer Workers to Chart the Future

By ANNE FRANCES

THERE is a great deal of speculation about the way Canadian women volunteers will behave when the war is over. Will they lose interest in community affairs and return quietly to their homes? Or will they continue to work when the stimulus of war is removed?

At present, the evidence suggests that the most intelligent women want to carry on when the war is over. For instance, the presidents of the service auxiliaries report that the women are saying: "Can't we keep on working? Won't it be a waste of experience if we stop now?"

Again and again, I have heard canteen workers in the United Services Centre say: "Why couldn't we run recreation centres for children and adults too when the war is over?" I've heard Salvage workers say: "Why can't we keep on running the Salvage Corps after the war? Think what we could do with the money. We could start model apartment blocks as demonstration areas—or we could pay the salary of a psychiatrist for the Family Court. Why we could do wonderful things in peace time if we kept right on working."

These women have learned about themselves during the last five years. They now know that they can work together. The old theory that women cannot work in a team belongs to the era of antimacassars, fainting and the legend of the 'weaker sex.' What is more important, women have found that they enjoy working together. They have also proved that they can raise money if the project is important enough. When auxiliaries needed money for welfare work among soldiers' families, or money for comforts or cigarettes, women stood on icy, windswept street corners selling tags or they organized endless silver teas, bazaars and the like. And they raised the money.

Can Do Double Job

Best of all, women have proved that they can run a home efficiently or carry a professional job and still do useful outside community work. They have proved that there is no reason why housewives and business girls should not also be good citizens.

In many cases too, women have acquired special skills as well as the valuable experience gained by the actual doing of a job. Civilians have taken courses in nursery school work, social work and nursing. Women in the armed forces have been taught special trades. Naturally the most intelligent of these women want to continue to use the ability and experience gained during the war years. They want to continue working with a team which is tackling a bigger job than an individual home or family.

Of course, inevitably, there will be some women who will be tired of volunteer jobs and the dull routine which accompanies even the most interesting work. Five years of war—five years of worry and hard work and, in many cases, tragedy—are bound to take their toll of energy and enthusiasm. It will be only natural to let up when the strain is lifted. For that reason we should expect to hear many of the old clichès when these few women begin to rationalize their normal desire to slump and leave it to Josephine. (I still refuse to believe that a woman's place is behind a bridge table in the afternoon.)

Although the most intelligent volunteers now feel that they want to go on working, there is grave danger ahead. The picture is not as rosy as it seems at first glance. After the war, the need for workers will not be as obvious as it was during the war. A woman with small children whose husband is fighting overseas does not require urging to understand the necessity for nursery schools or other family welfare work. A woman whose son was taken prisoner at Hong Kong is already convinced of the need for prisoners of war parcels. After the war it will be different. Then it will take thought and study and planning to find out what women should be doing as volunteer workers and citizens.

Big Field for Work

Certainly the needs will be there. We have slums in Canada. Women can do a great deal to help liquidate slums by acting as citizens through their governments, but it will take thought and study to know the best way to approach the problem. The same holds true for education, particularly rural education. Women working in groups can raise our standards but first they will have to study and understand the problem.

In social work, women as individual volunteers as well as citizens can continue to do valuable work. They could probably make juvenile delinquency a controlled disease like diphtheria if they helped to support a series of small recreation centres where children could learn handicrafts and art as well as dance and play in the evenings. They could also support cultural centres where adults might learn to enrich their leisure.

There are hundreds of instances of things which women can do for Canada after the war. That is why the next few months are important. Now is the time for women to find out what Canada will need when the shooting stops. Now is the time for them to learn where they belong in the post-war world.

Now is the time for the Women's Institutes, Auxiliaries to the armed forces, Red Cross groups, Alumnae societies and other organized work groups to begin a planned study of the needs of their communities. A few organizations, like the Schools for Citizenship in Winnipeg and Vancouver, have already undertaken this sort of study but, in my opinion, the matter is so important that all groups should be thinking along these lines. Women can keep right on sewing and knitting but they can also use their minds to plan their place in the future of Canada.

There are plenty of experts who will help to outline simple plans for study. The Adult Education Association is ready and eager to provide speakers as well as pamphlets and bibliographies. The National Film Board has a library of films which show how other places have tackled their problems. Several universities maintain extension departments which can give valuable assistance to rural groups. Councils of Social Agencies are only too happy to be asked to explain the philosophy of community planning in the welfare field.

Plans Should Be Made Now

Now is the time, not only for study but for field trips. Field trips do more for enthusiasm than a dozen lectures. Each group of women might take as a slogan: "Know your own Community." And knowing means seeing and smelling and feeling.

If more women visited the children's wards of their hospitals, there would be fewer arguments about the needs of children. A visit to a slum tenement in a big city would help women to understand the diseases of the body and the despair of the mind which are bred by dirt and overcrowding. A visit to a Juvenile Court should dispel any doubts about the need for recreation centres and play grounds. The point is that it is important to sell women the idea that the needs of peace are just as immediate as the needs of war.

While it is advisable to begin by studying the community problems under our noses it is also a good idea to get a picture of the needs of Canada as a whole. In June, a special committee of the House of Commons—the Committee on Reconstruction and Re-establishment—met to discuss a plan for improving the cultural life of the country. A dozen or more briefs were submitted by groups of musicians, artists and writers like the Royal Canadian Academy of Art, the Canadian Handicrafts Association, the Canadian Authors Association and the Canadian Federation of Artists. The report on the proceedings would make an admirable outline for study by any group.

THE LAST WORD IN TEA IS TWO WORDS { TENDER LEAF

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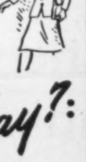

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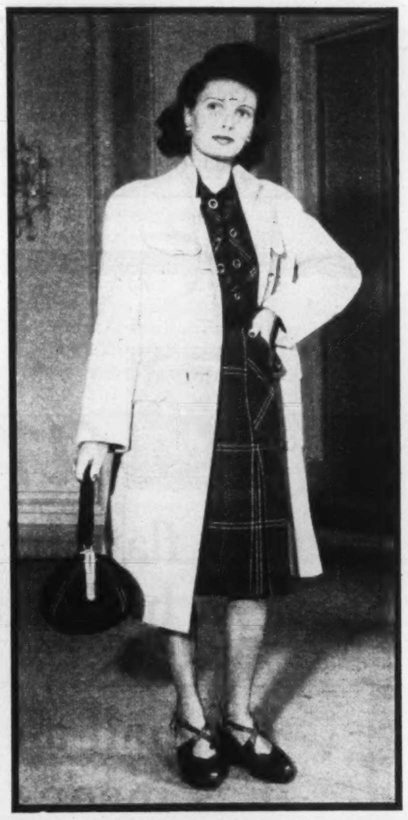
THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

In-Laws: Ambiguous People Who Are Neither Friends nor Relations

By MAY RICHSTONE

VANESSA has married the lad of her dreams. There was a simple furlough wedding, a brief heavenly honeymoon. Now there is a long interval of waiting before she can begin to live happily ever after.

In the meantime, there are "in-laws." To Vanessa, the very name conjures up visions of friction. In-laws are people who are neither friends nor relatives; they are strangers who presume that she will welcome them into her private life.



From Molyneux' Paris salon comes this tartan dress of heavy crepe with box pleats in skirt. The coat of heavy wool in maize color has deep raglan sleeves, four patch pockets.

"Let them just try it!" sniffs Vanessa to herself. She's a smart girl, Vanessa is. Nobody puts anything over on her. As a realist, it is her duty to resent her in-laws, to make them feel like intruders. In-laws are outlaws. The sooner she puts them in their place, the freer she is to live her own life.

Vanessa is a smart girl, and sure of herself. She knows how to deal with the in-law problem. The best defense is offense. She isn't waiting for her in-laws to resent her marrying into the family. She is beating them at their own game, by resenting the possibility of their resentment. She anticipates the worst, and she will not be disappointed.

Is Vanessa intolerant? Certainly not! It's just that her in-laws are intolerable. Here she has gone slightly less than half-way to meet them on common ground, and have they appreciated it? No!

Nourishes a Grudge

She's a smart girl, Vanessa is. Nobody takes advantage of her. She suspects an ulterior motive in everything her in-laws say and do. She is a sensitive soul, too. She lets the lightest, most innocent remark rankle and grow to magnificent proportions. Once she acquires a grudge, she cherishes it and embroiders on it. She never overlooks. She never forgets, she never forgives. . . .

She is ready and able to stand up for her own rights. Silence is silly. She talks about her grievances. She pours out her bitter tales, especially to people who will pass them along until they reach her in-laws, garbled out of any resemblance to the original version. She's ready to criticize her in-laws to any pseudo-sympathetic ears. She is ready to blazon her in-laws' faults from the housetops, but she minimizes their qualities, or takes them for granted. She can be pretty casual about the gracious things they do, but she makes the most of their sins of omission and commission.

Vanessa is frank with her in-laws, too; brutally frank. She lets them know exactly how and when they fail to measure up to her expectations, and how great is her disappointment. Vanessa knows the value of malice, too. A sting here, a barb there, and her in-laws know they have an opponent of mettle. They'll think twice before they start anything.

Knows Her Rights

Vanessa knows what her rights as a wife are. She's not one bit jealous of her man's attachment to his family. She is going to wipe that attachment right out of existence. Her man belongs to her, now, not to his family, and she's going to make this change of ownership crystal clear. In doing so, her motives are noble. A man cannot serve two masters; she just wants to spare her darling any conflict of loyalties. So she sneers at his mother's little foibles, she belittles his sister's accomplishments, she ridicules each person in turn.

And through it all, Vanessa has convinced herself that she is doing a saintly job in trying to get along with these impossible people; that in spite of her most herculean efforts, they remain thankless and unfriendly; that she is truly a glorious martyr to a hopeless cause.

She is pretty sure of herself, Vanessa is. And she has nothing but contempt for her friend, Penny. Penny, too, has married the man of her dreams and has kissed her sailor husband a brave goodbye. Penny, too, has in-laws.

"For a smart girl," comments Vanessa acidly, "you certainly play dumb. You're always letting your in-laws take advantage of you."

"Don't I, though!" Penny agrees, smiling.

Penny has the light-hearted belief that there is something fine and precious about family solidarity. Even though she has married into a closely-knit group, even though she gets the unhappy feeling from time to time that she is an interloper, she's sure that sweetness and patience will endear her to her in-laws. She is willing to be welcomed on probation, so to speak. She wants, she demands, no love she has not earned.

So wise little Penny has set out to earn her in-laws' affections. She is doing it with a sense of humor, with the charm that won her man, with the tact and understanding which advanced her in her career, with the warmth which all her friends found in her—and above all, with the love for her man which is big enough to embrace his whole family.

In a way, Penny is not so smart a girl as Vanessa. Penny, for example, can't recognize a snub, neither subtle nor obvious. She can't distinguish between prying questions and friendly interest. She doesn't know the difference between a domineering and a helping hand.

Penny is guileless. She gives her in-laws the benefit of every doubt. If they have faults, so has she—she reminds herself; and certainly their qualities far outweigh their faults. To suspect an ulterior motive is beyond Penny. A slur goes right over her head. If, on occasion, some remark is made that cuts Penny to the quick, she stifles the hot retort that rises to her lips and lets the incident pass. In a way, Penny lacks spirit. She is too tolerant to create an issue over a trifle, or to magnify a trifle into a scene. She is guileless and gullible, and she is being taken in—right into the hearts of her husband's family!

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By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph.B., Baby Counsellor of Heinz Home Institute
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FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

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FOR ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB
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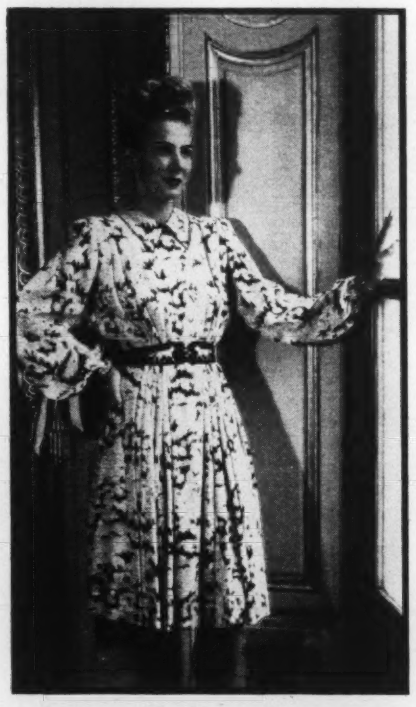
BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN—BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS ★ MADE IN CANADA

CONCERNING FOOD

Old Cook Books Are Diaries of Other Times, Other Manners

By JANET MARCH

IT had started life intending to be an account book and across its green faded cover in bold gold scrip was written "Cash Book", but no old record of past expenditures could be half as valuable as what is written on its faded, loose and dog-eared pages. It was the sacred personal hand written cook book of the Marches some thirty years ago. It hasn't been used much in the last few years and a careful Danish cook, finding it, had carefully tied it up in brown paper and put it on a high shelf. Ever so often a member of the family would send in an S.O.S. to get a copy of the recipe for Seville orange marmalade, or tomato mustard or Delmonico pudding, and it would be taken down and thumbed through till the right recipe came to light.



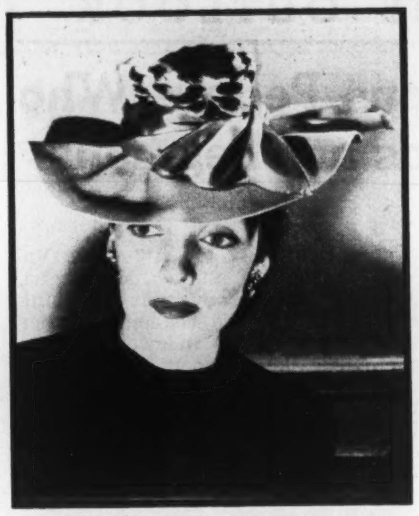
This white crepe dress overprinted with navy design illustrating story of wolf and the lamb was designed by Jean Patou this summer in Paris.

The dishes in it are probably no better than those collected by any other family, indeed a good many of them sound rather dull, but just the look of the book brings on a rush of nostalgia to the head—nostalgia for the old big kitchen with the coal range and the cook beating cake batter with a group of children round her demanding the first lick of the bowl. If it was a raisin or currant cake there was a cold trip to the back kitchen where the fruit was kept in jars and where, if you were smart, you might eat a handful while you measured out the required amount. Molasses was good sucked off an inquiring forefinger and sour baking chocolate, if licked and then rolled in granulated sugar made a good between-meal snack.

These simple delights are not described in the cook book but there are other fascinating ones; for instance, under the heading "Useful and Medicinal Receipts"—

Mrs. Weatherspan's Mixture

"A saucer of best pale brandy well burnt with sugar in it. 1 tablespoon of paregoric, 1 teaspoon of spirits of camphor and a little rhubarb." There is no clue as to whether this was considered useful or medicinal or whether it was to be taken internally or used to remove spots. I suspect Victorian modesty forbade the mention of the word dysentry, and I wonder if our troops in the East get the best pale brandy.



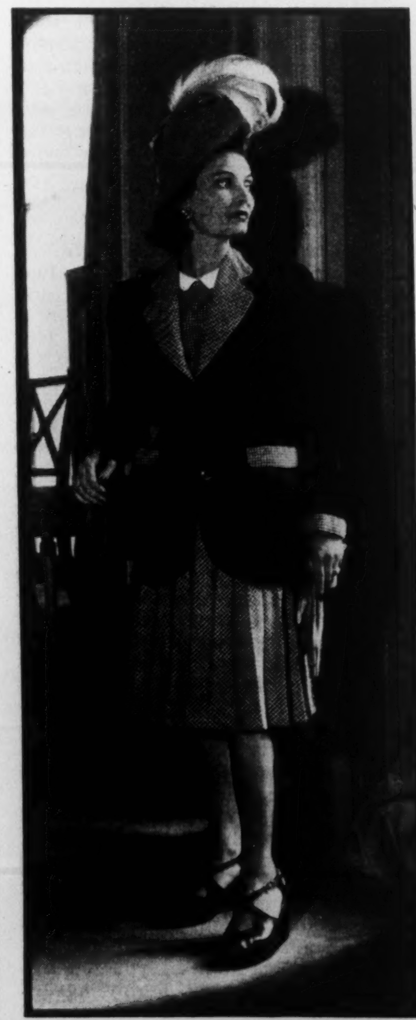
An intriguing color scheme is provided in this hat with leopard crown, rippled brim of pistachio felt, and coral satin ribbon fanning over brim.

The recipe for baked herrings had a mysterious sentence in it too. Here it is and every cook must make up her own mind about the circumstances.

Baked Herrings

6 fresh herrings
½ teaspoon of salt
½ teaspoon of pepper
⅓ of a cup of vinegar
½ cup of water
A few cloves

"Fresh herrings should not be washed except under some circumstances. They should be emptied, the heads taken off, the scales scraped off and the herring well wiped. With a sharp knife split the herring up the back and lay it open. Cut it in half and lift the bone out beginning at the head. Roll each half up in a firm roll beginning at the heads. Stand them in a small pudding dish with the backs uppermost, pour in the water and vinegar mixed, a few cloves slipped in at the side and the pepper and salt. Cover the dish and cook in the oven for half an hour. Serve in the dish they are cooked in. Good hot or cold."



Paris sends this photograph of a Molyneux ensemble. Dress and jacket are of angora wool in check design. Dove grey hat has pheasant feather.

Chicken en Casserole

was always a favorite and is a good way to make one boiling fowl feed a big family.

1 four pound chicken
1 onion
2 tablespoons of chopped ham
¼ cup of butter
1 pint of stewed tomatoes
1 cup of boiled rice
1 teaspoon of salt
1 green sweet pepper
1 teaspoon of kitchen bouquet
1 quart of stock or water

"Clean the fowl and cut it up in pieces. Chop the onion finely with the ham. Melt the butter (of course you will substitute bacon fat or shortening) and brown the onion and chicken putting the pieces as they are done into the casserole. Add the quart of stock or boiling water, the tomatoes, rice, salt and green pepper cut up finely. Cover and let simmer in a moderate oven for one to two hours."

One of the recipes in the cake section is a hangover from the last war. It is a cake which has no eggs and no butter in it and which turns out to be dark brown and quite edible, even if it isn't a blood brother to good Devil's Food.

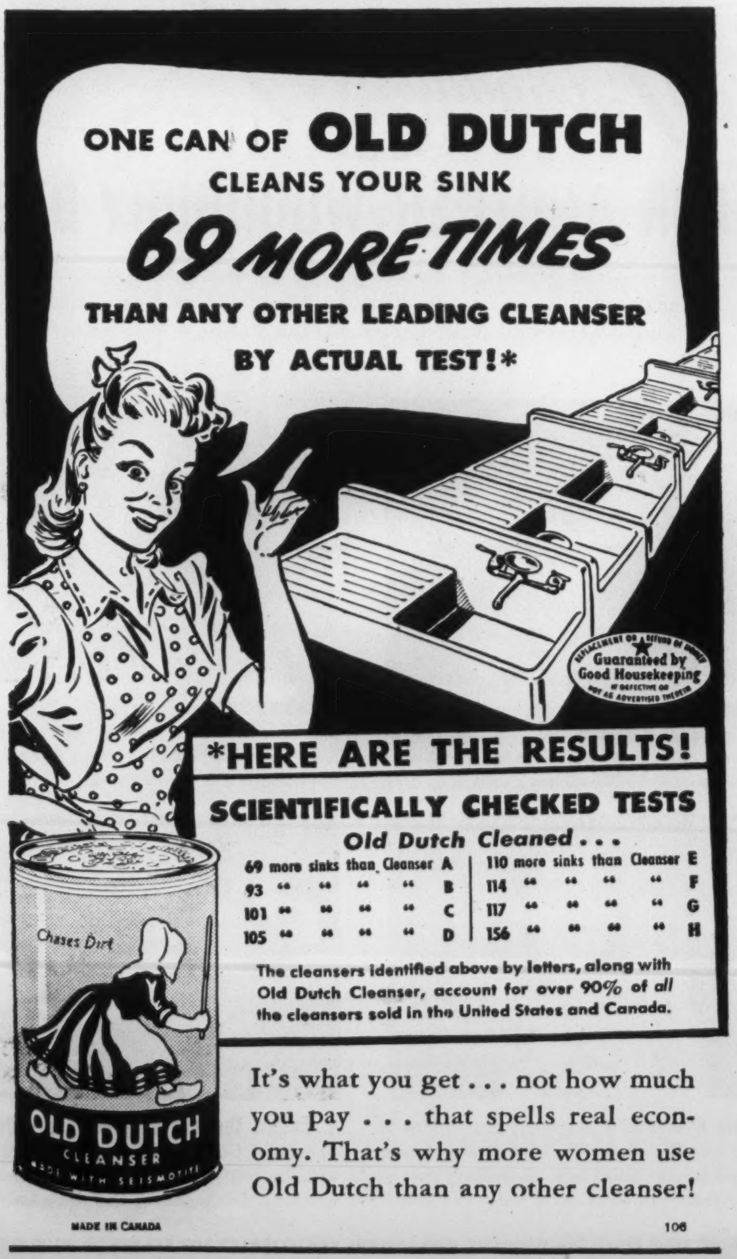
Canadian War Cake

2 cups of brown sugar
2 cups of hot water
2 tablespoons of lard
1 package of seedless raisins
1 teaspoon of salt
1 teaspoon of cinnamon
1 teaspoon of cloves

"Boil all these ingredients five minutes after they begin to bubble. When cold add three cups of flour and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one teaspoon of hot water. Bake in two loaves for forty-five minutes in a slow oven. This cake is better at the end of a week or longer."

My memory of it is that it got to be rather solid, like bricks if kept too long, and what the members of the family who were at that time residing in the trenches on the Somme thought about the "war cakes" which were sent them never came to light.

Perhaps they heaved them at the Boches.



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THE OTHER PAGE

Say What You May, in the Army "Regulations is Regulations"

By JOHN LASKIER

THE medical attention at the base hospital was of the best . . . but the food was strictly G.I. Of course, to a weary Signalman with a temperature of 103 and a deep inner longing for the cool caress of white sheets, food was a minor item.

They had sent me down from camp with a slight touch of pneumonia and an assortment of other ailments. I hadn't taken very kindly to basic training, not being of a physique designed for life under canvas, and I had caught a cold.

After some weeks in base hospital on a diet of sulfa-something-or-other and water, I was reboarded and the M.O. came to the regretful conclusion that I should have stayed at home in the first place. . . Something I was beginning to suspect anyway.

The reduction of my category to "E" automatically slated me for discharge. I wandered back to the ward a little dazed, not knowing whether to feel glad or sorry. So my army career was at an end; well, it had been fun while it lasted.

Next day came some alarming information. I had been ordered back to camp to await discharge. The alarming thing about this order was that I had been out of bed only three days after six weeks with pneumonia. It was the end of September and sleeping under canvas did not seem to me to be showing proper respect to a pair of weakened lungs.

I bounced back up to the M.O. and asked him what about it. He was sorry, but there was nothing he could do. Regulations said that a man slated for discharge must go back to his unit. He agreed about the dangers of a convalescent period under canvas, but regulations were regulations.

After a while he compromised by giving me an order to the camp M.O. saying that I should be allowed to spend the remaining week or so of my army life in the camp hospital.

On the next day, which was Thursday, I stood outside the hospital clutching my transfer papers and shivering as the chilly September breeze bit through my light summer uniform. The weather seemed unpropitious for a journey by rail; so I stuffed my papers and my overdue pass in my pocket and went A.W.O.L. where it was warm.

MONDAY morning dawned bright and sunny. I climbed on the train and rattled off on the way to camp. Let it be said here in passing that as I had gone into the base hospital whilst on leave, it was quite possible that I had been marked A.W.O.L. ever since, so my three-day stopover probably would not have been noticed.

In camp I omitted the formality of going through the men's pass entrance, and went straight to the O.C.'s office in the drill hall. I told him my story and he had a corporal parade me up to the camp hospital. We must have caught the camp M.O. on an off morning, for he refused to admit me. "What do they think I'm running here?" he asked. "A convalescent home? If you're well enough to be in camp you're well enough to sleep in camp."

ALL IN FOR AN ALL OUT EFFORT

VALIANT in overalls and slacks,
Garden on, my brothers and sisters—
Liniment is good for broken backs,
Band-Aids are good for blisters!

MAY RICHSTONE.

I saluted with all the *esprit de corps* of a tired charlady waving a mop, then turned on my heel and went back to the O.C.

He was sympathetic and a little nonplussed. Regulations said that I must wait in camp for my discharge—so how could he help me? I suggested that he give me a week's sick leave and by that time my discharge might be through. If not, I would at least be in better shape to stand life in the raw. He was a good guy . . . he gave me a three-day pass. I tucked it in with my other passes and took the next train back to the city.

Three days later I was still sniffling and sneezing, and I was still determined that I wasn't going to sleep under canvas.

I dropped in at the base hospital again and saw another M.O. I told him that I had been sent back to camp after six weeks with pneumonia, and without any convalescent period. (I omitted any mention of being slated for discharge.)

He was amazed and angry at such stupidity on someone's part. "Here," he said, "I'll give you an order to have a week at the convalescent hospital. You should have had at least that much anyway."

A pretty C.W.A.C. who must have thought she was handling a Ram tank drove me over to the hospital.

Here I found that everything was lovely; the food every bit as good as in the best restaurants, the nurses pretty and pleasant, and the labors light. I knew that it would be a short-lived stay but I made the most of it. I was only there until the knots in the red tape had been untied.

After four very pleasant days a staff-sergeant came bustling up. "Here's your orders to go back to camp," he said. "You shouldn't have been sent here in the first place."

"Sure, I know," I said. . . "When you're slated for discharge you must go back to your unit . . . even if it kills you."

They put me in an ambulance and left me at the station with a railroad ticket in my hand. I had a streetcar ticket in the other hand . . . so I went home for three more days.

It had been snowing during the night by the time I got back to camp (it was now early in October), and I was still sniffling. Disdaining the men's entrance—where an M.P. was probably puzzling over my three overdue passes—I went straight to the O.C. again. Again we hit into the old circle. I wouldn't sleep under canvas, and the M.O. wouldn't let me in the hospital. Just then a sergeant volunteered the information that my discharge would be through the next day. A conference was held by the higher-ups and it was decided that I would be allowed to sleep overnight in the drill hall. It was dry there, but a little drafty, and all the newspapers I could wrap around me didn't keep me very warm. However, it wasn't so bad.

Next morning I got my discharge and went down to my old tent to change my clothes. As I walked down the line, resplendent in civvies with a uniform under my arm, I saw a little group approaching. In the midst was the Colonel himself. Flanked by a couple of N.C.O.'s, he was making his daily search for such trivia as wrongly-folded blankets and stray cigarette butts.

As I passed the group I waved my arm and said, "H'ya Colonel."

The Colonel's steel-jacketed, armor-piercing stare transfixed me. As he was about to explode he noticed that I wasn't in uniform. He barked an order at the C.S.M., who came hurrying after me.

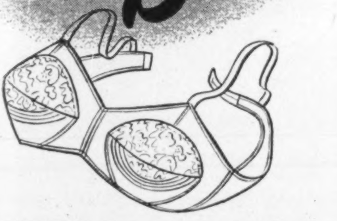
"What are you doing. . .?" He stopped as he recognized me. "Oh, it's you, is it. For Pete's sake, get out of sight till we're through with inspection. We're having enough trouble with the old boy as it is."

"Sure. Sure," I said sympathetically. "I had a little trouble with him myself."

Just then my old corporal came rushing up waving a sheaf of papers. He stopped when he saw my civvies, and spat on the ground in disgust. "So you made it," he said. "You got out just in time. I got you booked A.W.O.L. on three passes all at the same time. It took headquarters' staff a whole week to untangle the mess you got the records into."

"Corporal," I said, in an aggrieved tone. "I wasn't A.W.O.L. I was just getting a little Convalescent Leave without benefit of red tape."

NATURE'S RIVAL
Alphabet Bras



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- *Left—Forward pillbox, headhugging back.*
- *Right—Cloche Brimmer-suede trim.*

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 7, 1944

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

How Real is Forecast of National Income?

By ALLAN WATSON

Here Mr. Watson questions the validity of the various over-one-hundred-billion national income figures for the postwar United States, on which so many American writers have predicated business hopes, tax-reduction programs, etc.

What about unemployment?, asks Mr. Watson. Especially technological unemployment. "The only industry which now needs large supplies of men is war itself."

WRITING, as usual, from the United States, I am presently concerned about the validity of the Americans' hopes for the postwar world. Those hopes concern me personally, as an American resident, and they also concern all Canadians—because when the United States is prosperous, Canada is prosperous—and vice versa. So the thing is worth looking into, both from your viewpoint and mine.

There is the most extraordinary divergence in viewpoints on the subject in the United States. On the one hand there is a large school of thought — embracing many so-called economists—which can see nothing but "wants". By which I mean that the stoppage of governmental buying, the uncertainties surrounding foreign trade, the immediate laying-off of millions of workers in the war industries, the returned soldiers returning to claim their old jobs, and the problems of industrial reconversion are all, in the minds of this school, taken care of by the fact that savings are at an unprecedented high, thus providing the means with which to satisfy the Americans' craving for new cars, radios, refrigerators and washing machines.

Even the Americans' pent-up craving for travel is apparently viewed as an indicator of prosperity to come, for on the day I write this the Douglas Aircraft Co. announced that it had obtained a $50 billion contract from the three leading airlines, for the postwar construction of 93 super air-line transports. And Douglas stock went to $60 on the New York Stock Exchange, in a generally weak market in which even "peace stocks" had been slipping badly.

Countering the views of the "wants" school of optimists, is a smaller group of realists who can see little but grief ahead. I make no bones about the matter at all, freely admitting that I am in this class. The realistic school is concerned with unemployment chiefly. Also, with the national debt. That debt, it is freely admitted, will not be much less than $300 billions when the last shot is fired.

As the whole subject is impossible of curtailment into one short article, the focal point from which I wish to view the postwar American situation is the national income expectancy. For some reason, quite inexplicable to me, $120 to $140 billions seems to have become lodged in the optimists' minds, not as a postwar desideratum, which of course it is, but as a *logical* expectancy. As billions of dollars roll off one's tongue these days like peas off a knife, this figure may not appall you but you can get some idea of what it represents when you realize that the national income in the fantastic year 1929 was only $81 billion. $120 to $140 billion, it is true, has some relationship to the present national income, but has the present income, based about 50% on governmental war expenditures, any relationship with any possible peace-time figure?

One of the latest bodies to play with this swollen expectancy figure is the potent Committee for Economic

(*Continued on Next Page*)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

What British Labor Wants

By P. M. RICHARDS

A FEW days hence British Labor will present to the nation its official recommendations on governmental control of industry after the war. Representatives of all the trade unions will meet in annual congress and will then hear the report of their central executive which has been studying the subject of postwar controls for many months. The report is expected to do much towards determining the future shape of Britain's industrial economic set-up, especially since there is a possibility that Labor may win the next general election. Popular sentiment in Britain has seemed to favor the restoration of free enterprise under limited but definite government control or rather direction. But a number of influential theorists have been arguing for a wholly managed economy, and the Labor Party has sided with them.

While the details of the forthcoming report are unknown, the general trade union position on postwar controls is well known. Charles R. Hargrove of the *Wall Street Journal* says that assuming that the choice before Britain is not between control and no control, but between control by public authority and control by private groups, Labor advocates public ownership of all coal, electricity and power production without delay. This would be followed by similar ownership of key industries like steel, textiles and chemicals. Such industries would be operated by corporations representing employers, workers, and users or consumers appointed by the government. This, Hargrove says, is the doctrine of the "socialization" of industry, as distinct from its nationalization, and is the new Labor gospel.

Points on Which All Agree

Half a dozen unions or groups of unions have already drafted in detail plans for the socialization of the industries which concern them. Among them are the railway men, miners, printers, steel workers, textile workers, furniture makers, shoe operatives and electricians. There are certain plans on which they all agree: They condemn nationalization of industry as meaning bureaucracy. They fear the only alternative is cartelization under control of private interests, or, at best, private interests plus government, on the Fascist model. They want each service or industry to govern itself in its own interest and that of the public. They believe that by this means only can each be made efficient enough to face postwar conditions.

Ideas are various when it comes to the manner in which each service or industry shall govern itself, Hargrove says. Usually it is presumed that at the top of the system shall sit a "Ministry of Economic Planning" to lay down general lines of development and coordinate activities. Under that come boards to direct each industry, itself divided into branches governed by sub-boards. Almost all the eight unions would give their boards power to control production, distribution and prices, research, recruitment of labor and conditions of labor other than wages. Pay scales would be left to the joint employer-worker conciliation boards already existing. They all insist on the development of plant committees.

But on one point, says the *Wall Street Journal's* correspondent, the union plans speak with less certain voice. Are these corporations to be exclusive? None of the planners, he says, insist on it, but several seek it by indirect methods. The printers, for example, would have a register of all employers and workers observing certain rules. Recalcitrants would be discouraged by the fact that as employers they could not hire registered workers and as workers they could not serve registered employers. Where an industry depends largely on exports, the unions contemplate similar industrial organisms in other nations. In one case, that of the cotton workers, the planners go the whole hog and demand an international board to allocate raw cotton and yarn and piece-goods to the various markets and even, perhaps, fix prices. They leave it to government to decided about protective tariffs and whether goods should be sold dearer at home than abroad to promote exports.

Nobody Wants Violent Transition

Hargrove states that nobody wants a violent transition from actual wartime controls to socialization. They would all advance by stages and they would all indemnify present owners when the state becomes the universal owner. The state may extend its hold by degrees, through refinancing to assist larger combination and better equipment or by acquisition of a key industry or by authorization of special bodies to make bulk purchases.

Is Britain really headed for such a transformation? Has not the worker himself some hesitation in contemplating surrender to some mammoth organization representing the "national interest" his old freedom to work where he likes and as long as he likes in whatever conditions he likes? Undoubtedly he has, Hargrove answers; union leaders do not always reflect the mentality of the rank and file. But by and large, the miner, steel worker, millhand, etc., thinks that if he faces two evils this is the lesser one. He argues that capitalism may have worked well enough before the last war but worked badly between the two wars while developing into ever larger and larger combines. He sees that this second war has produced intensive organization of employers on the one hand and workers on the other, under encouragement of the government which sought thereby to promote production of war equipment, and that under such organization everyone has had work and stoppages have been few. Behind all such arguments there is fear of unemployment, which haunts all classes.

Hargrove concludes: "Certain it is that if Big Business is to survive it will have to make large concessions. But what of free enterprise? How much of that will survive? Between the hammer of Big Business and the anvil of Big Unionism, how will it escape? That is the real question."

Bridges are "Hot Spots" for Troops in Holland

Rivers and blasted bridges are only temporary hold-ups to Allied troops, thrusting through Eastern Holland and steadily widening the corridor being driven toward the Rhine. But dykes, canals and many minor tributaries lace the low-lying flat-lands of the Rhine delta and make the going doubly difficult, for bridges destroyed by the Germans in their fighting withdrawal must be repaired—or, in many instances, replaced by temporary spans speedily thrown across water barriers by army engineers. The bridge above was made unuseable for vehicles and equipment when the Germans destroyed the approaches. Foot soldiers, however, made use of a ladder to get onto the main span, and crossed; affording covering fire for Royal Engineers (below) as this pontoon bridge was constructed and vehicles, tanks and supplies poured steadily forward.

On other occasions troops cross streams in large flat-bottomed boats, like that shown below, which can hold as many as thirty men. These cheerful British troops are making light work of carrying their craft through the streets of a town, preparatory to launching it. Previous to the crossing, a small artillery barrage was put down on the enemy side of the river, and the troops crossed under cover of a smoke screen.

(*Continued from Page* 34)

Development. This business advisory body has come out with a tax program which calls for substantial reductions in various departments of the income tax, to the end that business may be stimulated to a $140 billion level. These tax proposals have no place in this article but it would be interesting if one could quote the Committee on the validity of the $140 billion income figure on which they are based. Unfortunately, one can't. It is a pure guess, based on the supposition that civilian wants will take up the slack of government orders. Doubtless the wants of the Chinese, the Europeans, and even the British, enter into the C.E.D.'s computations, as well as American wants, though there has been little intelligent discussion as yet, in the United States, on the point of how America is to benefit by those wants across the sea. The opposition to the Bretton Woods monetary conference gives little assurance that the traditional American attitude towards world-trade — let them put up the cash if they want to buy—has been substantially altered.

But few American business writers think of a national income after the war in terms of much less than $120 billions. Let us, by all means, hope that thinking will make it so. I cannot see that anything else will.

The Roulette Wheel

An economic forecast which particularly annoyed the realists — all right, "pessimists" then—appeared in the Associated Press dispatches of September 2. In this piece one J. Frederic Dewhurst (somehow I am reminded of J. Rufus Wallingford) assured the American people that "the average American family will have $3,280. a year to spend by 1947". This handsome figure is apparently arrived at by whirling the roulette wheel and coming up with a national income expectancy of $127 billions. Divide this into an estimated 34 billion families, allow for a percentage of "individual earners" and Mr. Dewhurst arrives at his $3,280.

And he arrives at it confidently. "American business" he declared, "can look forward to a consumer market. . . over 40% above the most prosperous peacetime year."

I contemplate with horror the fate of the American—or Canadian—business man who projects his peace-time planning on any such hopes.

A quite different view is taken by Leo Cherne in a very interesting book just published by Doubleday Doran called "The Rest of Your Life". This book should be required reading for optimists. Mr. Cherne envisions: "the injustices inevitable in mass demobilization, the complex confusion of reconversion, the impenetrable difficulties which flow from the government-owned property, the tussle between inflationary and deflationary forces, the struggle against the rising tide of unemployment, the heartbreak that follows shrinking production, the agony of unused plants, the aimless march back to forgotten communities, the bitter look in the Negroes' eyes, the multitude of 'down with' soapboxes, the split in government, and the pressure of self-seeking blocs."

Mr. Cherne pays due attention to the "wants" school. "The Department of Commerce" he says, "the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, trade associations, have already begun to make surveys with interesting, if inconclusive, results. They have learned that there will be a deficiency of almost four million washing machines, about five million refrigerators, three million vacuum cleaners. Tables have been worked out for everything from bedsprings to radios. Polls have been taken to find out what people *think* they will be buying after the war. For example, 3,675,000 families have their eyes vaguely set on new automobiles; 1,540,000 families on new homes. That might sound like the makings of a giant boom, but the important thing is not what people think that they are going to do but what they actually *will* do."

And Mr. Cherne poses the position, not only of the family whose wage-earner is thrown out of work by the stoppage of war production, but of the neighboring family whose wage-earner is *not* thrown out. Will either of them, he asks, with the actuality or potentiality of unemployment staring them in the face, rush out and buy a new automobile or a new home? Or will they hang on to their savings. What would you do?

Nevertheless, the "wants" school think that a rush to buy will bring about a boom. They talk not only of the huge savings deposits backlog but, inadvisedly and unpatriotically I think, of the war bonds which can be used for the purchase of needed goods. This war bond argument, I confess, depresses me more than any other. The government makes every effort to persuade the people not only to "buy bonds" but to hold them until maturity—which means in most cases ten years. But business advertisers think nothing of implying, or even of downrightedly saying, that no better use can be made of your war bonds after V-Day than to turn them in and buy this or that product. And the writers of the "wants" school view the prospect with something considerably less than alarm.

My own view — based on current statistics which show about 50% of war bond redemptions to sales — is that the improvident people who would so squander a precious reserve built up in good times (good times!—and yet it's true), are already squandering it as they go, leaving the careful savers to hold the remainder. In other words, and to use a common stock brokerage saying, I believe that most of the war bonds—in individual hands at least—are "well held". This is probably not true to the same extent of savings bank deposits and it is certainly not true of current deposits nor of money in circulation. But I do believe that only a national fear of inflation would make these reserves disappear into the purchase of goods.

Only One Certainty

Prospective inflation is another subject which I need hardly say can't be dealt with here, save very briefly. This whole article is written from the point of view that there won't be inflation. For one thing, the C.E.D. and Mr. Dewhurst are not considering inflation. (Neither is the airplane company which has already published its new low fares—$96. if I remember correctly — for postwar flights to Hawaii.) And for another thing, inflation connotes more money than goods, and with the tremendous stocks to be released by the Government, followed by the post-reconversion rush to produce, there shouldn't be shortages for very long.

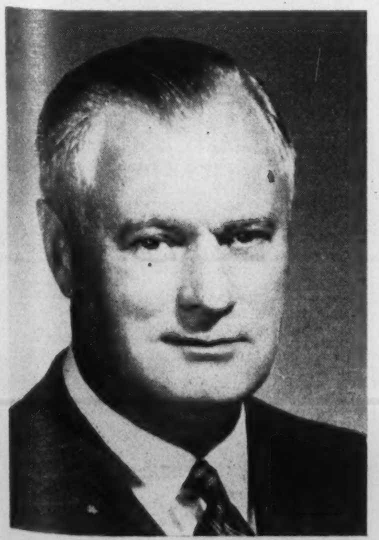
There appears to me to be only one certainty after the war. And that certainty is unemployment. In the United States even the optimists expect ten million or so unemployed "for a short period until reconversion is completed." But unless a way is found for the United States, as well as Britain, Canada, and other manufacturing nations, to finance the supply of huge quantities of capital goods to all the devastated nations, unemployment will *not* get less. "Technological unemployment", so much discussed in the early 'thirties, is a term seldom used now but the thing itself is skulking there. Since 1939, machines have replaced men in ever greater degree, partly as a result of the hurry-up necessities of war. The only industry which now needs large supplies of men is war itself.

Granted unemployment, we are left with the question—is a high national income compatible with it? As unemployment got worse and worse in the early thirties the national income of the United States declined from $81 billion in 1929 to $42 billion in 1933. True, those were the days of which President Roosevelt spoke when he said "we have nothing to fear but fear", and as economic thought in the country seems to be anything but fearful (barring Cherne and me and a few other doubting Thomases) this added incentive to unemployment may not, this time, become a force. But here again I am reminded of the early 'thirties and of the economic thinkers, from Mr. Hoover down, who kept telling the people that prosperity was just around the corner.

Over-Optimism Dangerous

Why write about it? Why anticipate gloom? Because I look on these optimistic economists with their dreams of millions of people spending billions of dollars as dangerous. Just as dangerous as the pacifists of 1939. Just as those pacifists failed in their duty of warning the people of the terrible potentialities of war, so do the economic writers of today fail in their duty of warning of the perhaps equally terrible potentialities of peace.

Logical expectancy, not hopes, should be the basis for planning ahead. Planning for peace as much as planning for war.



P. J. A. DUFF

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did you read the article by W. A. McKague, September 23rd, in Saturday Night?

Then you should know that the publication criticized by him is a report issued by the Alberta Post-War Reconstruction Committee, a non-party body representative of all political groups and of educational, agricultural, business and ex-service men's organizations.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

A.E.C., Winnipeg, Man.—I regard SPRINGER STURGEON shares as having speculative appeal. This prospecting and development company has a 92% interest in Canadian Industrial Minerals, which has one of the largest and most accessible deposits of barite on the North American continent, as well as owning a block of 300,000 shares of Leitch Gold Mines. Some interesting gold prospects are also held and a large deposit of ilmenite was recently discovered and staked on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, carrying 30% titanium dioxide. There has been an increasing demand for barite recently and the War Production Board at Washington has contracted for some 60,000 tons this year.

R.K.N., Fredericton, N.B.—I can't answer your question as to whether the final half-year dividend of ANDIAN NATIONAL CORP. for 1944 will be 50 cents or increased to $1, but it's interesting to note that 1944 operations of International Petroleum in Colombia are so far more than 50 per cent above those of the corresponding 1943 period, and that this necessarily benefits the pipeline organization, Andian National. Improvement in the latter's position has already been indicated by the resumption of dividends by Andian National this year, a dividend of 50 cents per share having been paid on June 1 last, the first since the $1 payment made two years previous on June 1, 1942. Operating profits on Andian National in 1942 had shown a sharp drop from the 1941 figure of $9,008,068 to $2,793,207, and with the situation showing no improvement in 1943 Andian National's operating profits were even lower at $2,212,025. The effect of the sharp reduction in business received from International Petroleum as a result of the U-boat menace in the Caribbean was indicated in the net per share of Andian of $2.99 shown in 1941 falling to 96 cents per

Tip Top Tailors Limited

DEMOBILIZATION of the armed forces will bring a heavy demand for clothing that for a time will tax the capacity of the Canadian industry, and in addition there will be the normal demands from civilians for replacement of worn-out garments and the acquiring of models which have not been produced for years because of restrictions. These demands assure active postwar years for the Canadian clothing industry. Tip Top Tailors Limited is numbered among the largest made-to-measure clothiers in the world. The company manufactures and distributes men's clothing and some lines of women's apparel through its own retail shops and through agents in the Dominion. Productive capacity of plants is in excess of 4,000 suits or overcoats per week, and the company has a record of growth and profitable operations going back for years. Relief from present high rates of taxation would increase the company's earning power. The common stock is to be considered speculative, although offering possibiltiies for capital appreciation.

Present high rates of taxation have tended to keep net profit down and the greater portion of the net per share for 1943 was represented by the refundable portion of the excess profits tax. The dividend rate was reduced from 60c to 30c per share in 1942. Retained net, however, is sufficient to meet this reduced annual rate. Net profit for the fiscal year 1943 amounted to $210,126 equal to $1.17 per share, and of this $100,000 and 83c a share represented the refundable portion of the tax. The 1943 net profit compares with $197,606, of which $25,000 was refundable tax, for 1942 and $164,675 for 1938, and on a common per share basis with $1.07 (21c a share being refundable) for 1942 and 76c for 1938. While net profits have been affected by increased taxation, operating profit of $967,799 for 1944 was only exceeded by that of $1,005,607 for 1940, and compared with $358,645 for 1938. Earned surplus of $745,596 at the end of 1943 was lower than that of $824,921 at the end of 1938, with the decrease due to the premium paid on the redemption of a portion of the preferred stock and to the writing off of the investment in a subsidiary company.

Net working capital has shown a consistent improvement, rising from $1,413,834 in 1938 to $1,989,217 in 1943. In the last year a substantial reduction was effected in bank loans, from $1,114,045 to $203,686, with increases in cash from $7,772 to $32,326 and investments from $245,445 to $300,000.

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The company's outstanding capital consists of $983,800 (of an original issue of $1,500,000) of 7% cumulative preferred shares of $100 par value and 120,000 common shares of no par value. The preferred shares are callable in whole or in part on 60 days notice at 110 and sinking fund of 10% of net earnings available for common dividends is provided for the purchase for redemption at a price not exceeding 105, any balance not so applied at the expiration of a two month's period reverting to the company.

Dividends are paid to date on the 7% cumulative preferred shares. An initial dividend of 25c a share was paid on the common July 2, 1935, and similar distributions made August 1936 and January 1937. The common stock was placed on a quarterly dividend basis of 15c per share in April 1937 and continued at this rate to and including the payment made in July 1942. The rate was then reduced to 7½c per share quarterly and continued to date. An extra of 10c per share was paid January 2, 1938.

Tip Top Tailors Limited was incorporated with a Dominion Charter in 1928 to acquire the Berger Tailoring Co., Ltd., incorporated in 1910. In subsequent years other clothing establishments were acquired. A modern five-storey plant is operated in Toronto and products distributed through more than 50 stores and 2,500 agencies in the Dominion.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1938-1943, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range		Earned	Price Earnings Ratio		Dividends
	High	Low	Per Share	High	Low	Per Share
1943	9	6	$1.17-a	7.7	5.1	$0.30
1942	8½	4	1.07-a	8.0	3.7	0.45
1941	10	6	1.28	7.8	4.7	0.60
1910	13¼	9½	1.24	10.7	7.7	0.60
1939	15	8½	1.51	10.0	5.6	0.60
1938	13¼	9	0.76	17.4	11.8	0.60
Average 1938-1943				9.1	6.1	
Approximate current average				9.6		
Approximate current yield				2.7%		

a—Includes 83c. per share refundable tax 1943 and 21c. a share 1942.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939	1938
Net Profit	$ 210,126-x	$ 197,606-x	$ 224,497	$ 219,394	$ 253,005	$ 164,675
Surplus	745,596	704,913	709,611	721,886	799,247	824,921
Current Assets	2,983,516	3,479,604	3,029,762	2,908,628	1,926,281	1,615,458
Current Liabilities	994,299	1,691,964	1,520,750	1,417,967	518,667	201,624
Net Working Capital	1,989,217	1,787,640	1,509,012	1,490,661	1,407,614	1,413,834

x—Includes $100,000 refundable tax 1943 and $25,000 1942.

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DIVIDEND NO. 217

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two per cent (2%) has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1944, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of November next, to shareholders of record of 30th September, 1944.

W. G. MORE,
General Manager.

Toronto, 13th September, 1944.

PENMANS LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of October, 1944.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of November to Shareholders of record of the 2nd day of October, 1944.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of November to Shareholders of record of the 16th day of October, 1944.

By Order of the Board.

Montreal, September 25, 1944.
C. B. ROBINSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

CAPITAL TRUST
CORPORATION LIMITED

CANADIAN BREWERIES LIMITED

Dividend Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of eighty-five cents (85c) per share on the Cumulative Sinking Fund Convertible Preference Shares without nominal or par value in the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared payable on the 1st day of January, 1945, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1944.

By order of the Board.

W. C. BUTLER,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario.
September 27, 1944.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that The Eagle Fire Company of New York has received from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C.979 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Water Damage Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire insurance of the Company, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

E. M. WHITLEY,
Chief Agent for Canada.

Toronto, August 8th, 1944.

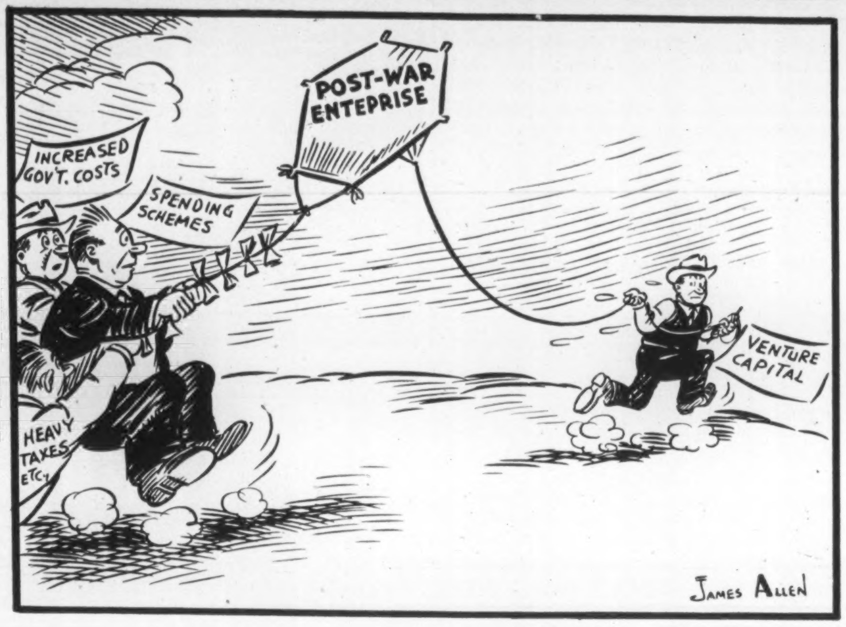
share in 1942 and to 66 cents in 1943. The dividend payment in 1941, as for several years previous, had been $3 per share but this was cut to $1 in 1942 and no payment was made in 1943.

F.G.L., Englehart, Ont. — In my opinion MALARTIC GOLD FIELDS has interesting speculative possibilities over the long-term. Development appears to warrant an increase to around 2,000 tons daily as soon as conditions permit, as compared with only around 600 tons daily at present due to war conditions. In the meantime the company is building up an excellent ore position for future operations and improving its treasury position. Production and profits should rapidly increase when normalcy returns. Of the other stocks you mention the best dividend return, over eight per cent, is from Bralorne. This company has been able to maintain profits at a relatively high level despite manpower difficulties and has continued dividends at the prewar level. The ore picture has materially improved and prospects appear excellent for a decided betterment in production, profits and ore reserves in the postwar period.

A. S. B., Brampton, Ont.—Declaration of the regular quarterly dividend of 75 cents a share on the preferred stock of ST. LAWRENCE PAPER MILLS CO. appears to indicate that earnings are being fairly well maintained during the present year. I understand that the company has not had sufficient pulpwood to continue producing surplus sulphite pulp for sale, as was done to some extent in 1943. On the other hand, newsprint shipments have continued well up and on most of its sales St. Lawrence Paper has enjoyed the average increase in the price of close to $4 per ton as compared with the 1943 average.

B.B.T., Chicago, Ill.—I would suggest you communicate with Toronto Share Transfer Co., 302 Bay Street, Toronto, regarding exchange of your SUDBURY BASIN MINES shares. These have been withdrawn from trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange as the company having disposed of its undertaking and assets, with the exception of certain shares of Ontario Pyrites Co., Ltd., proposes to surrender its charter. Your shares are exchangeable on the basis of three shares of Sudbury Basin for one share of Ventures Ltd., and share for share of Ontario Pyrites. The company has asked shareholders who have not yet done so to effect the exchange of shares as early as possible.

A. R. H., Welland, Ont.—The proposal to convert the 200,000 shares of no par common stock into 400,000 shares of Class "A" no par shares and 800,000 shares of Class "B" no par shares with each present share receiving two Class "A" and four Class "B" shares was approved by the shareholders of CANADA PACKERS at the special general meeting. The Class "A" shares will be entitled to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend of $1.50 per annum, payable half-yearly on April 1 and October 1 in each year, commencing with April 1, 1945. Then the Class "B" shares will be entitled to receive (providing there are no arrears outstanding on the "A" shares) 75 cents per share for each half-yearly period on a non-cumulative basis. When the "A" and "B" shares shall have received $1.50 per share in any year, further dividends for that year will be paid equally to the "A" and "B" shares. Earnings for the year ended March 30, 1944, were sufficient to pay the full $1.50 per share dividend on the "A" shares with a retained net of 93 cents per share available for "B" dividends. In addition 43 cents per share of refundable tax would have been earned on the "B" or $1.36 per share in all. In January 1944 the last of the company's collateral trust debentures were retired.



CAN A TAIL-HEAVY KITE FLY ?

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

U.S.A. Election Factors

BY HARUSPEX

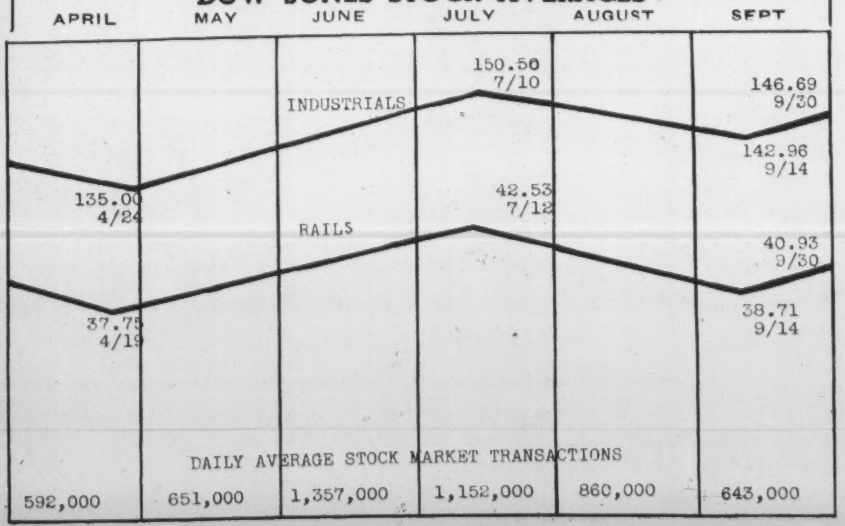
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR MARKET TREND: Stocks traded on the New York market, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SEVERAL-MONTH OR INTERMEDIATE TREND: Intermediate trend of the market is to be classed as downward from the late July 1944 high points of 150.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 42.53 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Political considerations, now that the U.S.A. presidential campaign is entering its final stages, are becoming of increasing interest to the market. While there has been some encouragement in Wall Street over developments favorable to the Republican candidate, the concensus, as of the present writing, still gives the odds to Mr. Roosevelt. His election, accordingly, would not catch the stock market by surprise. Indications, however, that Mr. Roosevelt would probably use a fourth term to return to some of the more controversial New Deal objectives that have been distinctly opposed by the business community would, in the event of Mr. Roosevelt's election, add a further element of uncertainty to the market at a time when the problems of conversion from war to peace might also be acute. Mr. Dewey's election, to the contrary, would undoubtedly inject a buoyant influence. While such event would not necessarily reverse any liquidating movement that might then be under way because of the transition hiatus, it would certainly act to support stocks at a higher level than otherwise, and would undoubtedly accelerate advancing tendencies, should they be present around November 7.

Following the decline in early September, when the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages moved decisively under their early August support points, thereby signalling the intermediate trend as downward, the market has rallied moderately. So far, this recovering movement, accompanied by mild volumes, has not been other than the technical rebound normally to be expected in the wake of the preceding setback. Pending technical evidence to the contrary, such as would be furnished should both the rail and industrial averages move decisively above their July peaks, the question can be seriously raised as to whether the recent intermediate downturn does not also inaugurate, or represent, the first stages of a primary downturn.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 231

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (fifteen cents per share) in Canadian funds, on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1944 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Wednesday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1944. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

S. M. Wedd,
General Manager

Toronto 22nd September 1944

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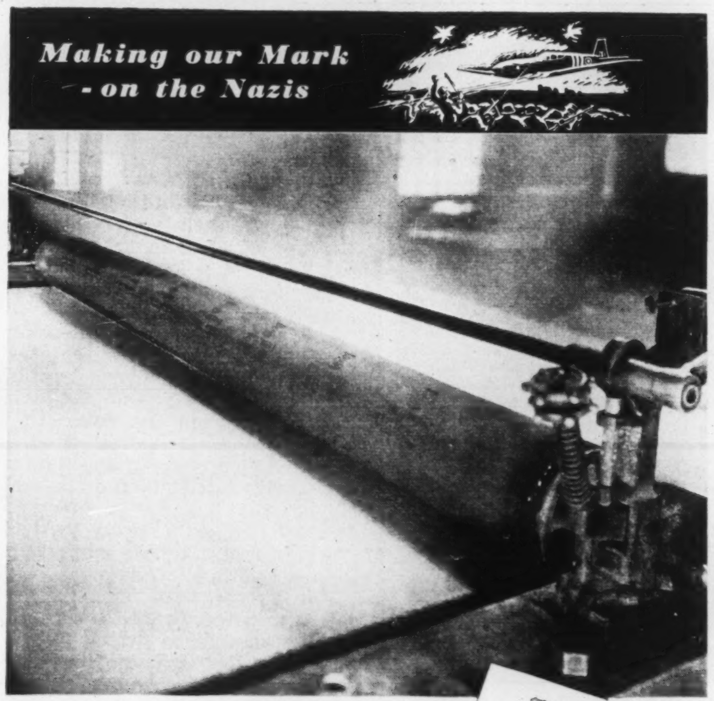

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Losses in Business by Dishonesty Show Need to Bond Employees

By GEORGE GILBERT

Better bookkeeping methods, the provision of checks and double checks, and more thorough auditing systems have undoubtedly cut down materially the losses in business through the dishonesty of employees, but they have not eliminated them.

Thefts and embezzlements still exact a heavy and sometimes a ruinous toll in many well-established mercantile and financial institutions. That is why there is no let-up in the need for dishonesty insurance any more than in the need for fire insurance, although the latter need is more widely recognized.

THOUGH we often read of fires causing the destruction of business buildings and their contents, it is seldom that such losses are not more or less covered by fire insurance policies, because it is generally recognized that fire insurance is one of the necessities of a well-ordered business existence. In such cases, this insurance signifies the difference between ruin and temporary inconvenience.

It is not so well recognized that the bonding of employees may be just as necessary for the protection of business interests as fire insurance, as there are many business men who would be as seriously handicapped if it developed that some employee or employees had gutted their business through thefts or embezzlements as they would be by any fire loss that might occur. The failure to secure protection against such losses has meant the termination of many well-established businesses.

Bonds on employees, besides providing reimbursement to the employer for dishonesty losses, also act as a preventive, as their existence creates a moral restraint on those bonded and tends to curtail any inclination to go astray. They likewise furnish the same sense of security as the existence of a substantial amount of fire insurance does, except that in the case of a bond on employees it protects the employer's assets, merchandise and other property, including property for which he may be liable, against loss through thefts or embezzlements of dishonest employees, thus preventing the impairment of the employer's financial standing by such depredations.

Raise Personnel Standards

Bonding company investigations of employees who are bonded have proved of distinct value in improving the personnel standard in many cases, because such investigations bring out unfavorable past records if such exist, and the personnel is thus raised to a higher standard by the elimination of undesirable persons whose records have been brought to light.

Often employers have such a high regard for the trustworthiness of those in their employ that they do not consider that this type of coverage is needed by them. In some cases, they think that because their employees have been with them a long time without any sign of dishonesty of any kind, it would be an insult to ask them to make out bond applications. In other cases employers believe their supervision of the business is so close that there is no possibility of a loss of any considerable amount occurring from such a cause.

However, the claim files of the bonding companies are replete with cases in which the "trusted employee" of long standing and unblemished past record was the cause of very serious loss. Of course, it must be admitted by anyone giving the matter any study that it is the trusted employee who has the greatest opportunity to create a heavy loss and is often, in fact, the only employee who is in a position to do so.

With respect to employees who object to being bonded, it is unlikely that an employee would have any real objection to filling out a bond application if his record has been clear and he has no previous history of an unfavorable character.

Precautions Often Unavailing

With regard to employers who feel that their supervision of the business is so thorough that dishonesty losses of any consequence are impossible, the experience of the bonding companies shows that for every precaution or new method employed to prevent losses persons intent upon stealing or embezzling will find a way around it.

Experience also shows that most dishonesty losses start with a small taking successfully covered up. Then the temptation to continue such easy pickings often becomes irresistible. The hope that gains from speculation or gambling of one form or another will cover any loss frequently leads to the stealing of larger and larger amounts. One case recently cited is that of a bank teller who stole over $240,000 in the course of a few years and lost it all on the horses. Another case is that of the vice-president of a large financial institution who stole $800,000 over a period of twenty years to lose it all in the stock market.

Employees of financial institutions are not the only ones who succumb to such temptation. Similar losses occur in many other business organizations. In a large eastern city, the branch manager of a beverage concern took $12,000 in cash and lost it the same night in a crap game. The manager of the medical department of a public utility, about to retire on pension after thirty-five years of service, confessed that he had charged to the company's medical supply account all the liquor purchased by him during the previous ten years—a sum of about $6,000.

Honesty Uncertain Factor

There is such a great variety of reasons which prompt employees to steal or embezzle funds or merchandise or securities that it is impossible to determine in advance if a person will remain honest. This, as has been pointed out recently by the claim department manager of a well-known bonding company, is not only the consensus of bond underwriters but also of all law enforcement agencies, and it applies to women as well as men. In this connection, the case is cited of a middle-aged woman bookkeeper in a southern financial institution who stole $124,000 although she never handled the cash.

In this case the president of the institution made it a practice to balance the cash personally every day. Yet through the simple expedient of drawing cheques to various payees on

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her own account in the banking department and charging them to other depositors she was able to create this large shortage. As bookkeeper she handled depositors' statements. Most of the money was lost in making loans on her own account to customers whose requests for loans in the usual way had been turned down. In the case of most women embezzlers, however, the claim files show that they use the money to defray medical or educational expenses for members of the family or friends. In some cases it is used for expensive living and clothing, but seldom for speculation or gambling.

Comprehensive forms of coverage against loss through dishonesty are now available. One form which was put on the market across the line in 1940, provides, in addition to the usual fidelity protection, insurance against the loss of money and securities from the insured's premises, the loss of money and securities outside the insured's premises, and loss through the disappearance and abstraction of securities from safe deposit boxes, and also provides depositor's forgery coverage. There are also a great many forms of endorsement available to meet individual requirements for protection.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Lake Shore's Ore Reserves Up: Has Produced $194 Millions

By JOHN M. GRANT

LAKE Shore Mines, one of Canada's greatest producers of gold, since commencement of milling slightly over 26 years ago, has had up to the end of last June an output of bullion valued at $194,320,258, of which $91,620,000 was returned to shareholders as dividends. Production for the year ended June 30, 1944, produced $4,498,530, the smallest output since the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929. The record year was the 1933-34 period when bullion produced had a gross value of $16,382,274. Dividends paid in the last fiscal 12 months amounted to $1,600,000 while the largest return was $12,000,000 in the year ended June 30, 1937.

No official estimate of ore reserves is made by Lake Shore, but the backlog of ore is excellent. While the advance in development drifts for the year was at a greatly reduced rate, the total footage driven being but slightly more than half of that for the preceding period and just about one-third of the average yearly advance for the past 12 years, the length of untouched ore reserves has increased considerably since 1940 and is above the average for the last 10 years. The length of ore exposed in drifts and available for stoping amounts to 17,122 feet, having an exposed average width before slashing of 58 inches and an average grade of 0.575 ounces per ton. Of 1,406 feet of new ore exposed during the year, 536 feet was on the 5,325-foot horizon and this assayed 0.973 ounces per ton across an average width of 76.2 inches.

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A gratifying decrease in severe rockbursting is reported for the year. Only one heavy burst was recorded during the period and it occurred in old workings away from current stoping operations. However, in spite of an intensive program of investigation it has not been determined that pre-burst activity, which might serve as a warning of the impending burst, actually occurs. One of the requisites of a rockbursting mine is to have the ore picture developed many levels ahead of extraction of ore. In the policy to minimize rockbursts a much lower tonnage than in the past is necessitated and the immediate picture appears to indicate a production of not over 1,200 tons daily, as compared with capacity of 2,500 tons. The shortage of labor, however, has held milling to around 725 tons a day.

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Once a staff is available and a sufficient number of students have enrolled, the Haileybury Mining Institute will be opened. This follows a recommendation of the Ontario Mining Commission, following public meetings held in various parts of Northern Ontario mining areas. The new project will be available for rehabilitation training of members of the Armed Forces in mining and occupations connected with mining, as soon as the need for this training develops.

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Interesting results are marking the diamond drilling of the Rainbow group of Wekusko Consolidated Mines, at Herb Lake, Manitoba. Eight shallow holes have been completed at 50-foot intervals and six gave ore conditions over widths up to 6½ feet, while two ran ounces in gold per ton. Deeper holes are now being put down and the third of these averaged 3.10 ozs. per ton for a 7½ foot section of core. The Wekusko operations are being financed by God's Lake, Moneta, Ventures, Frobisher, Nipissing and Sherritt Gordon. The Rainbow property, which consists of 54 claims, is only one of several groups owned or held under a royalty arrangement in the Herb Lake section.

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With holdings of seven groups (29 claims) Bear Exploration and Radium, Ltd., which next to Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., and Frobisher Exploration, has the largest holdings in the Yellowknife area, plan 20,000 feet of diamond drilling and will have two drills in operation before the freeze-up. First drilling will be on the Yellorex group, which is south of and adjoins Negus Mines and has the projected extension of the shear in which most of the Negus ore bearing veins at the north of the property are located. A geological report on the company's holdings has been prepared. B.E.A.R., has over $300,000 cash in its treasury as well as a large share interest in Giant Yellowknife, International Uranium and other operations in the North West Territories.

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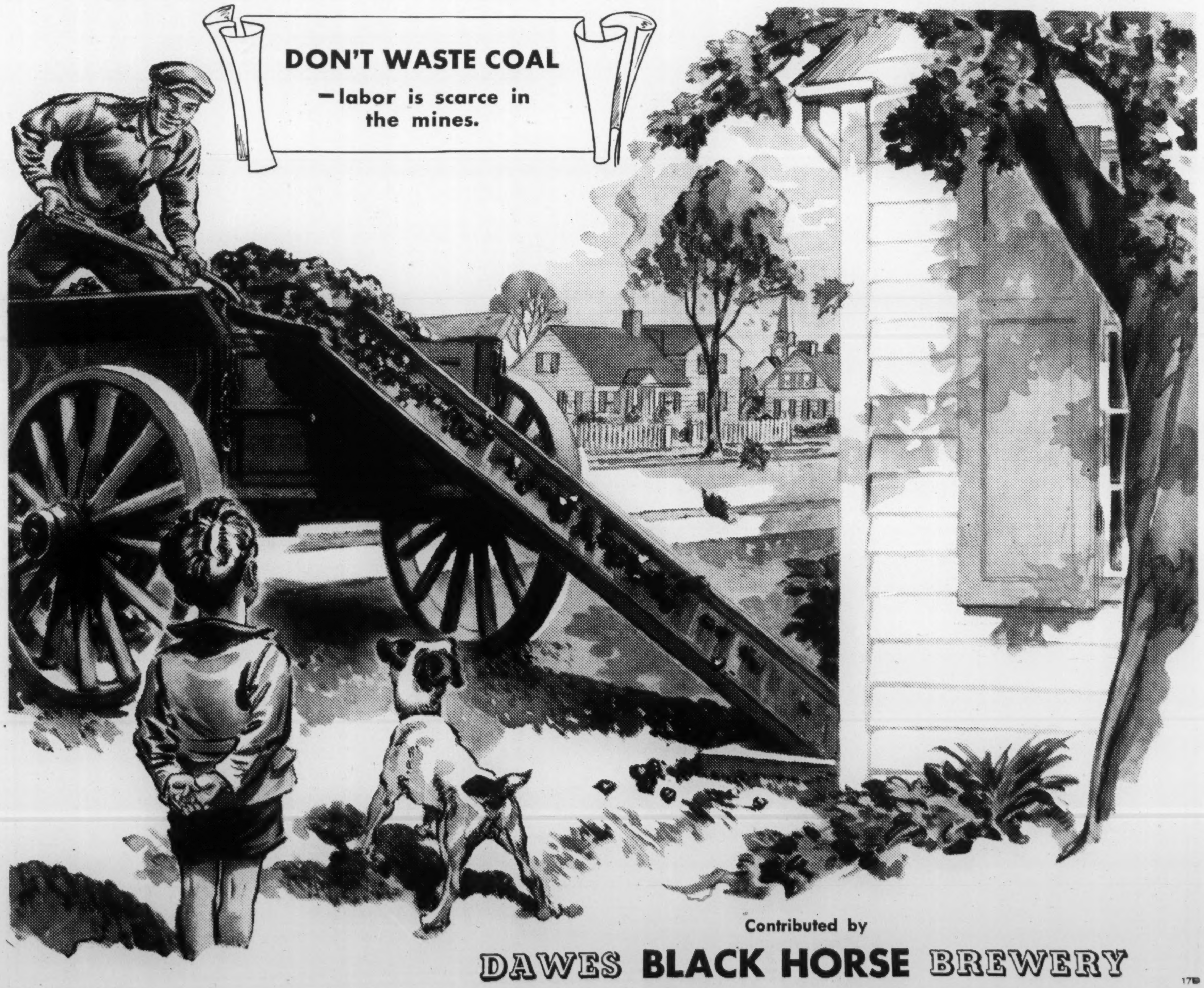

DON'T WASTE COAL
—labor is scarce in the mines.

Contributed by
DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

Mr. Executive,

THE VERDICT IS IN YOUR HANDS

HERE is the evidence. We have come now to the climax of the war, the place that requires our maximum, concerted effort. Because of the extent and violence of the fighting, we need more money than ever before. We must maintain our long supply lines, keep them at peak load. For these reasons, the over-all borrowing requirements of the government have been increased by $320,000,000. Of this extra sum, only $70,000,000 is due to the cancellation of compulsory savings. The balance must come from extra bonds bought from private savings or from regular income. Much of it must be raised through the voluntary buying of employees through the Payroll Savings Plan.

Some of these 3,000,000 bond buyers are probably working for you. Perhaps you have in your employ others, who have not yet become purchasers of Victory Bonds. Your duty is clear. You are charged with finding ways and means within your own organization, to sell more bonds this loan. Your objective will be to persuade every individual to buy one more bond than before.

You, as an experienced executive, will want to put your bond-selling organization in smooth-running order, well before the loan opens. Be ready to co-operate with representatives of the National War Finance Committee, who will shortly be calling on you to assist in organizing your campaign. Consider now the importance of sales training supplemented by a mass meeting, speeches, inter-departmental contests and the use of display material. All will help make this increased need for funds stimulate every employee in your plant or office.

You are expected to discharge the obligation of the Seventh Victory Loan with unprecedented success. Remember, the verdict you bring in and make public, will help our fighting forces and definitely influence the date of peace.

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

7-33